within the realm of possibility

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No Archive Warnings Apply

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by LadybugsFanfics

Summary

Pinky, Uravity, red riot and 23 others retweeted:

Dynamight @DynamightOfficial • 24m
How the fuck do you flirt?
407k retweets | 10.6k quote retweets | 1.6M likes
View all 15,985 replies

The world freaks out when Bakugou Katsuki, newly debuted pro hero, decides to ask twitter for flirting tips. As he refuses to tell any of his friends who it's about, they all decide to figure it out on their own.

Notes

This has been in google docs for the better part of a year now, and seeing as it's getting longer and longer, I'm posting this first chapter to hold myself accountable to finish. It feels really good to finally post something after a turbulent past few months (I finally have a vacation), and I will be the first to say I've really missed writing.

Honestly, this might be the most self-indulgent thing I've ever written, but who cares. It was supposed to maybe be 10k, but it's already 23k and it's not even close to done. A few notes before you start:

group chat -> the hush hush chat

piiinky -> ashido mina
piiikapiiika -> kaminari denki
eyebags -> shinsou hitoshi
boiii -> sero hanta
jiiirou -> jiirou kyouka
riiiot -> Kirishima Eijirou
uraviiity - Uraraka Ochako

theyre kinda obvious, i know, but better to put it there than not. Also any instance of **heronerdanalystnr1** is deku. i think its

funnier if you know

I hope you enjoy, and I will try to have the next chapter out within a week or something (i have two chapters written, and working on the third. I dont know if there'll be more or not so dont take that 3 chapter for granted, it can expand.)

disclaimer; I have not caught up with the manga in any way so if things have happened, i wouldnt know. and if characters have changed a bit, that wont be reflected here.

See the end of the work for more notes

Chapter 1

Pinky, Uravity, red riot and 23 others retweeted:

Dynamight @DynamightOfficial • 24m
How the fuck do you flirt?
407k retweets | 10.6k quote retweets | 1.6M likes
View all 15,985 replies

> **Uravity** @uravity
> *Replying to @DynamightOfficial*
> Okay, so you're notifs are already blowing up, n uve probs muted them, but please text me babe?? I wanna help!

> **Pinky** @OfficialPinky
> *Replying to @DynamightOfficial*
> AAAAAAAAAAAAA who do you wanna flirt with???

THE HUSH HUSH CHAT • today at 19.43

piiinky: WHO HERE KNOWS ANYTHING?????? YOU HAVE TO TELL ME!!!!!!

piiikapiiika: i desere to kno 2
piiikapiiika: i cannot believe blasty would go to /twitter/ before me??

eyebags: u say that as if youre good at flirting

piiikapiiika: I AM GOOD

eyebags: do u have another definition of good than me???
eyebags: bc youve flirted w me n that obviously didnt work

piiikapiiika: ure not the decider of good flirting

boiii: no but hes still right

jiiirou: seconded

piikapiika: u guys are no fun

piiinky: AND U ARE ALL NOT FOCUSING ON THE IMPORTANT STUFF
piiinky: screenshot.jpg
piiinky: HAVE NONE OF YOU SEEN THIS?????
piiinky: ARE NONE OF YOU CURIOUS? ARE NONE OF YOU EVEN THE LEAST BIT INTERESTED IN THE FACT THAT FREAKING BAKUGOU KATSUKI OF ALL PEOPLE IS ASKING THE INTERNET FOR FLIRTING TIPS??

eyebags: i saw, i thought u handled it

piiinky: dont u dare leave this conversation hitoshi, youre a possible fucking candidate

boiii: the rest of us can leave??

piiinky: anyone whos single is staying, anyone whos good enough friends w blasty that he mightve told, stays
piiinky: which is y i texted here bc its a chat without blasty and with everyone possible to know something except mido

jiiirou: sounds like im excused

piiinky: nah he coudlve told you

jiiirou: he definitely hasnt
jiiirou: n if he had, why the fuck would i tell all of you?? Gossips and blabbermouths all around

eyebags: i rlly hope u didnt mean me

jiiirou: was about to say except maybe u

eyebags: thx, was about to be offended

piiinky: YOU GUYS ARE ALL MISSING THE POINT! DOES ANYONE KNOW ANYTHING??
piiinky: @*riiiot* you have to know smth y are you not responding?????? @*uraviiity* you have anything to add???

boiii: kiri has a night shift

uraviiity: and i had a lot of fun just spectating
uraviiity: i dont know anything, but i have thoughts…

piiinky: tellll meeee!!!!!
piiinky: i have thoughts too

eyebags: not bc i care or anything but y exactly is blastys love life so important???
eyebags: n also y do you kno its someone we know and not just someone he met randomly???
eyebags: seriously, he does leave the house too

piiikapiiika: u see toshi
piiikapiiika: the point is not that is love life is important, its that its been practically nonexistent since we met him and he tells us nothing
piiikapiiika: this is kind of fun you know

uraviiity: okay but seriously
uraviiity: if hes told anyone there three possibilities: kiri, deku or hitoshi

eyebags: i want no part in this

piiinky: i agree
piiinky: they will be interrogated in turn

boiii: i am so glad i wasnt mentioned

eyebags: dont think ur off the hook, this the only couple im afraid of and currently theyre agreeing which makes them terrifying

piiinky: yes anyways, who blasty mightve told is interesting but lets discuss who it could be
piiinky: ive been making a list ever since i saw the tweet
piiinky: n we need to remember that if the answer is one of the people he couldve told he wouldnt have told that person

uraviiity: but he might also not have told anyone at all

piiikapiiika: okay but isnt there one thing youre both forgetting??
piiikapiiika: someone has to have given him the idea to tweet?? Bc i doubt he just came up with that on his own and therefore he must have told someone?? Right?? somehow????

piiinky: thats a good point
piiinky: i think we need an emergency meeting

eyebags: dont u dare invite me

It's two in the afternoon and Hitoshi is unwillingly sitting in Mina and Ochako's living room with Denki on top of him—because apparently he's a flight risk and Denki was the only one willing to take the risk of sitting on top of him.

He can, of course, just pick up Denki and leave, but out of politeness, and the fact that Mina has managed to gather most of their high school class *and* a few interesting choices from the former class B, he really wants to see how it all plays out.

Currently, there's chatter from every corner because there's a little under twenty people there and Mina hasn't gathered anyone's attention yet (nor gotten Hitoshi the coffee he was promised, or more bribed with).

"Denks?"

Denki turns to look at Hitoshi and raises an eyebrow. "'Sup?"

"Where do you think Mina hid my coffee?"

"*Hid* your coffee? She never even bought that expensive coffee you like because she knows she doesn't need it to keep you here." Denki turns around completely so that he straddles Hitoshi's lap. "She also knows I don't need to sit here, and that if you wanted to, you could just pick me and deposit me somewhere else and leave, but you're a tiny bit interested in this, too."

Hitoshi rolls his eyes. "Interested in this? Why would I be that? Blastly's love life is not that interesting. Actually, Blasty is not that interesting."

"Says the guy who's practically been taking over Ei's role as his best friend."

"I like his cooking."

Denki nods mockingly, makes a grimace that contorts his pretty face into an ugly one, and says, "sure, that's the only reason you spend so much time together."

"No, that's because he's not annoyingly loud all the fucking time like

the rest of you idiots."

"I don't think so." Denki's eyes widen and a smirk spreads across his face. "Maybe *you* like *him.* Ooh, think of the possibilities. And what if it's you he's trying to learn how to flirt with? It wouldn't surprise me."

It takes Hitoshi a few moments to figure out exactly how to respond. If he isn't careful, Denki's going to rush into this coming conversation with the thought that Hitoshi either likes Katsuki, or that he knows Katsuki so well he should know who the tweet is about.

Hitoshi doesn't know jackshit about the tweet, nor does he care very much about it because he also doesn't like Katsuki. Not in that way, and if Explosion Boy were to ask, their friendship is more mutual hate than anything else.

"You're hilarious," replies Hitoshi, but it's already been too long and Denki squints at him. Hitoshi might be really good at lying and manipulating when it's his job, but he absolutely sucks at it with his friends. He thinks it has to do with separating his work self and actual self, but he's not entirely sure.

"Okay! People!" Mina claps her hands together. "Denki, stop flirting, it's time for the important part. Sorry for the wait, but Midoriya just showed up and he feels like a main character here because, if you didn't know already, I gathered you all here to talk about Bakugou Katsuki's latest tweet."

Denki turns around in Hitoshi's lap, but not before winking at Hitoshi to really drive home the 'flirting' he was doing.

"If anyone has *any* idea who he likes, please give me something to go on. I want to help him get whoever it is so badly, but he will never tell me because he thinks I gossip too much. So, please, any information you have I will greatly appreciate."

"I have a question." Hitoshi turns his head to see that Monoma has actually raised his hand. "Why am I here?"

Mina shakes her head. "Okay, so some of you might be confused because you don't know him that well, or the fact that he doesn't like you, but that does not mean you don't know anything. You've all been specifically picked out, alright?"

Multiple hands shoot into the air.

“Do any of you have something to use, or do you have more questions?”

Most of the hands go back down. Every hand except Eijirou’s.

“Katsuki knows we’re meeting and he’s on his way.”

That was not what Hitoshi was expecting him to say. Nor did he expect the ensuing chaos that happens right after where almost everyone (excluding Mina, Ochako, Eijirou, Izuku, Kyouka, Momo, and Hitoshi himself) scramble to the hallway to get out the door before Katsuki shows up.

In some way, Hitoshi gets it; they want to save their faces from being blasted off. On the other hand, Hitoshi also knows Katsuki knows he was forced to be here and that that alone will keep him from dying.

Maybe it also has to do with Hitoshi being the one who told Katsuki Mina arranged an emergency meeting, but that is entirely besides the point. Hitoshi did that just to save his own skin and he doesn’t regret it one bit.

“I hate everyone,” mumbles Mina once the apartment is quiet. She pouts and scans the few faces that are left. “I cannot believe so many of them left. Even Denki and Hanta!”

“Uhm.” Izuku shifts uncomfortably in his seat. “You do realize that most of them are afraid of him, right? Absolutely terrified that he’s going to come in here and see all of them and not even hear anyone out before he melts everyone’s faces? I’m still not sure that’s not going to happen, but I am a little too curious about this whole tweet that I don’t really want to leave.”

“Me too, but if anyone asks I am not here,” comes a voice from behind the armchair Hitoshi is sitting in. Aoyama sits behind it, though he barely peeks out to talk. “I just want the inside scoop.”

Mina grins. “At least someone gets it. But, before he comes—we do have some time, right?” She looks at Eijirou for confirmation, who nods, but does not say how long. “Okay, now, do any of you have any information at all?”

Unfortunately for Hitoshi, who didn’t realize Aoyama was behind the armchair during his conversation with Denki, it’s the French, blond idiot who speaks first. “Kaminari seems to have Shinsou here as a favorite candidate. Also, Shinsou didn’t deny liking him back.”

“Yes! Hitoshi. Babe.” Mina’s grin has somehow grown bigger. “Will you flirt back? Or, you spend so much time with him, are you already dating and he just wants tips to show how much he cares?”

Hitoshi sinks into the armchair—though not before glaring at Aoyama—and sighs loudly. “I do not like Blasty, I do not know who he likes, and we are certainly not dating. I told Denki I like Blasty’s cooking and his company because he isn’t unnecessarily loud all the time. But I have absolutely no idea who the tweet is about or where he got the idea to tweet.”

“You didn’t say no to flirting back,” says Ochako and smirks. “Will you? If it is you?”

“What in ‘I don’t like him’ constitutes flirting back?”

“You flirt with everyone, no matter if you like them or not,” points out Kyouka.

Hitoshi groans and decides he’s no longer taking part in this conversation. He may flirt a lot, but it’s just a defense mechanism, and if he flirts with everyone, why would flirting back be a big deal anyways? Hitoshi needs new friends.

“Midoriya, has he said anything to you?” asks Mina.

“No. We don’t talk that often, actually. And I don’t think he’d tell me because he’d be afraid I’d mutter it during one of my rants. He’s certain I’ve spilled classified information before whilst doing it and, while I haven’t done that, I have spilled other secrets before without meaning to and I doubt Kacchan would take that risk when it comes to someone he likes and that he doesn’t necessarily want to know. On the other hand, I am surprised he isn’t just asking whoever it is out right away because it doesn’t seem like Kacchan to flirt and—”

And that’s when Hitoshi tunes out the endless muttering of Midoriya Izuku.

It goes on for at least another ten minutes, and that is only because Mina and Ochako probably find it interesting because they’d argue that Izuku knows Katsuki the best out of everyone. Hitoshi would argue that the two may be close, but they haven’t been that close for years and it would be either Eijirou or Hitoshi himself who knows Katsuki the best. Mina wouldn’t listen to that, and Ochako would just agree with her girlfriend.

Hitoshi tunes back in once Eijirou starts adding to the conversation.

“Those are all good points, but Katsuki hasn’t told me either. Though, I think I know where he got the idea to tweet about it from.”

That actually sounds interesting. Hitoshi has been wondering that, too, even if he isn’t that interested in Blasty’s love life.

“From where?” asks Ochako.

“Do you remember that time Denki asked all his followers for flirting tips and he got a bunch of replies? He wasn’t actually out to flirt with someone in particular, he just wanted tips and then he used them on us?” Eijirou waits for everyone to nod before he continues. “Well, Denki deleted that tweet because even muted for notifications, it kept getting dragged into other tweets of his and stuff. But I bet, Katsuki originally looked for that tweet and when he didn’t find it, he made one for himself. And he has more followers than Denki anyways, so he’s getting a lot more traction for it than Denki got.”

Mina’s thinking face is on when she starts talking. “So, you’re saying that Denki’s prank tweet is what gave Katsuki the idea? Which means he doesn’t have to have talked to anyone?”

Eijirou nods. “Yeah. And if he hasn’t told me or Hitoshi, who would he tell?”

Whatever the answer to that question might be, they don’t get to hear. Because that’s when the front door of the apartment slams open and shut, and a really red-faced and straight-up terrifying Katsuki comes into the living room.

“The fuck do you guys think you’re doing?!” he yells. Sparks pop from his hands and small lines of smoke curl in the air. The smell of smoke that immediately reaches Hitoshi has him worry about the fire alarm going off.

“I can see you hiding, French Fucker!”

Aoyama smiles sheepishly as he comes out from his cover, but instead of sitting down on the couch or the floor with the rest of them, he sprints past Katsuki and out the front door. Hitoshi can’t blame him.

After the door slams (for the second time in less than five minutes), there’s a long silence where no one speaks. Hitoshi’s heart is, for some reason, trying to beat its way out of his chest. He looks to the rest of

his friends.

Mina's lips are pressed together, but despite her obvious guilt, she's holding Katsuki's gaze. Ochako looks at her girlfriend, almost hiding behind her. Eijirou, Momo and Izuku all show their guilt so plainly Hitoshi almost feels bad for them. Kyouka looks completely disinterested.

Katsuki's stare is calculated. He looks once at each one of them (except Hitoshi) before he opens his mouth. "You get one fucking chance to tell me what the fuck you're thinking with."

"Well," starts Mina, "I saw your tweet. And I tried to, uh, talk to you about it. However, you told me to stay out of it, but, as you know, I have a really hard time doing that—yes, I can be self aware—anyway, I gathered people here. Because you, uhm, wouldn't actually tell me anything and I really want to help you." She visibly swallows before she adds, "kinda regret that now."

There's a *tsk* sound from Katsuki before he replies. "Ears, Ponytail. You can leave."

Kyouka scoffs. "And not hear you yell at the rest of them? Yeah, right."

"We'll leave. It's fine," says Momo. She tugs Kyouka with her and smiles goodbye. Before they're out the door, Kyouka gestures for Hitoshi to tell her everything later. Hitoshi gives her a thumbs up. She would do the same for him.

Izuku is the first to speak up once the door closes. "So, uhm, Kacchan? Who told you we would be here?"

Hitoshi tries to sink further into the chair, but there's no more chair to sink into.

"Eyebags over there told me last night." Katsuki doesn't even look at Hitoshi, though he doubts that would make a difference in whether Katsuki would pronounce a death sentence over his head anyways.

"Hitoshi, how could you?!"

He doesn't know who says it because there's more than one person speaking at a time, but he does smile apologetically and shrug. "I don't wanna die," he mumbles and tries to not look at Katsuki as he says it because the implication alone is enough for another death

sentence.

“If he told you last night, why are you late?” asks Izuku. “Why not just show up on time, or early enough that Ashido would have to cancel?”

“Because I wanted to catch you in the act so I could fucking melt all your faces off. Unfortunately, there’s very few faces to melt, and I don’t wanna owe Raccoon Eyes any money for destroying her apartment.”

“Hey, I live here, too!” Ochako actually manages to look offended.

Katsuki rolls his eyes. “Whatever, Cheeks.” He trudges over to where Hitoshi sits and plants himself in Hitoshi’s lap. It’s not an unusual thing to happen, but Hitoshi was not expecting it today. Especially not when they’re there to discuss Katsuki’s love life of all things. “C’mon, tell me what the fuck you’ve been discussing.”

It’s Eijirou that talks. He mentions conversations he’s had with people since he came back from his shift—which includes a lot of people and Hitoshi is going to kill someone himself if more people suggest it’s him Katsuki wants to flirt with—and then he mentions the little they managed to talk about before Katsuki crashed the party.

At the end, Hitoshi really wishes Katsuki didn’t sit in his lap. There’s sparks coming from his hands, there’s smoke, and there’s a lot of anger radiating from such a strong person that it does make Hitoshi just a little bit scared to be in so close vicinity that harm would come to him.

“Do you wanna tell us?” asks Mina. She sounds a lot more confident than she did just a few moments ago.

“Why the fuck would I tell any of you anything?” Katsuki raises his brows. “None of you can keep your mouth shut. How the fuck do you even know if I actually wanna flirt with someone and didn’t just post that to see what kind of reaction it would get?”

Hitoshi tries not to scoff. Mina and Ochako don’t try to hide it.

“Kat.” Ochako smiles at him. “It’s you we’re talking about. There’s literally no way that tweet isn’t about a specific person. You would not do that to your notifications if you weren’t serious about it.”

There’s no response to that.

“C’mon. Babe,” says Mina. “Why not just indulge us this once? Maybe we can help? It’s not like you don’t actually trust us?”

Katsuki shifts in Hitoshi’s lap. Hitoshi has to move his hands to not have them touch inappropriate places. There’s no remorse on Katsuki’s face, as if he knows exactly what he’s doing. He even winks before he turns to Mina to answer her question.

Hitoshi doesn’t know what the response is because he has trouble registering what just happened. He also wonders if anyone else saw Katsuki wink at him or if it was a figment of his imagination.

“Seriously? Not a tiny bit of a hint? Please, babe, I love you and I wanna help.”

“Nope. You don’t get jack shit.” Katsuki gets up. He drags Hitoshi with him and flips off the rest of them. “None of you get to know anything because you’re all just going to fuck it up, okay?”

All four look offended. Hitoshi doesn’t know if he’s included or not. Nothing of what Katsuki has said so far, except telling on him, has actually seemed directed at him. Yet, it’s not like Katsuki has told him anything either, and he probably won’t if Hitoshi knows him as well as he thinks.

“We’re leaving. Have fun.”

Hitoshi hears Mina get up and try to follow, but Katsuki is fast (barely lets Hitoshi put his shoes on) and by the time Mina almost catches up with them, she gets a face full of door.

“Was all the flair necessary?” asks Hitoshi.

Katsuki glares at him in response.

To be honest, right about now, Hitoshi really wants to know who Katsuki’s tweet is about. He would really like to warn them.

d ynamightrules reblogged from **dailyheroes**

[photo]

[image description: A headline that reads ‘Dynamight creates headlines with tweet’. Underneath is the leading paragraph: ‘After a tweet asking how to flirt, Dynamight has created chaos all across Japan as everyone wonders who the tweet is about’. The date reads ‘TOKYO, 2nd of May 2XXX’ and the byline reads ‘By Akiyama Takeshi | HEROBUZZ’]

dailyheroes

The headlines are streaming in after Dynamight’s latest tweet. This is just one of many, but might be the most interesting article out of them. Specifically it talks about who might be possible candidates to flirt with, *and* suggests the theory that it could be the same as Chargebolt’s tweet a few years ago where he never intended to actually flirt with anyone specific.

Here’s the link

But I do want to specify that, whilst Dynamight has *publicly* tweeted about this, it doesn’t mean he actually wants anything but flirting tips from people that aren’t his friends (which I get because they’re gonna pry more about who it is than actually help probably). Please, don’t go attack him with DMs or posts or, if you actually see him in person, don’t bring it up.

Just a thought.

12,876 notes
#dailyheroes #dynamight #this is about the tweet #i read the article and i am not disappointed #seriously theres so many thoughts in my head and i want answers but i am also certain i wont get any #dynamight just let us knoowww

Hitoshi wants to glare at Mina. The fact that she has the audacity to show up at his apartment and wake him up after he’s *just* fallen asleep after a twelve-hour shift that lasted through the whole night.

However, Hitoshi barely has the strength to keep his eyes open, let alone glare, too.

He does his best to start the coffee maker, patiently waiting for her to

start talking. He's definitely not awake enough to speak, nor does he actually intend to do so for at least another hour. Or until he's had two cups of coffee.

"So…" Mina presses her lips together and jumps onto the kitchen counter. "How're you doing?"

Hitoshi stares at her in response.

"Okay…" She grimaces. "I'll just speak then, right? You're not gonna reply anyways?" She pauses for a few moments, studying his face as if he's either going to reveal answers without knowing for what questions (though he has his assumptions), or to see if he'll stop staring at her as if he has no care in the world.

He won't.

"Right. So, I came for two reasons." She jumps off the counter. "Is it okay if I grab something to drink? Just got a little dry throat." Mina opens the fridge and pulls out two beers. She hands one to Hitoshi, but he only stares back.

It's quiet as she closes the fridge and hops back on the counter. Hitoshi turns around to the coffee maker. He pours one of his biggest mugs, one that is technically two normal cups of coffee, and turns back around.

Mina has emptied one of the beers. She hasn't opened the second yet, but holds it so hard her knuckles turn white.

"Maybe this seems weird to you, or, I think you know what I'm here for. I've already spoken to both Midoriya and Eijirou, and they were really easy to talk to, but I don't expect that from you." She swallows. "Especially not because I woke you up."

She smiles at him. "I'm kinda nervous. Can you tell?"

Hitoshi doesn't reply.

"...right." She pauses, opens the second beer, and takes a big swig. "I'll just say it. Do you know anything about Katsuki's tweet?"

Hitoshi takes a large sip of his coffee. It's still too hot to drink, but the burn alongside the caffeine does help wake him up. He's really not going to get a lot of sleep today.

“I’m just… You’re probably the person he spends the most time with. I know Eijirou said he didn’t have to have said anything to anyone, but he probably said something to you, right? Like, according to Hanta you spend more time together than an actual couple.”

Screw Hanta. Why did Hitoshi have to have a roommate? Well, because he has two cats that need someone feeding them when he's away. He’d asked Hanta just because he’d thought that would mean he wouldn’t have someone caring about things that aren’t their business. Unfortunately, Denki and Mina, who pries information like seagulls scooping food from unknowing people on the street, are in his space way more often than he’d like.

Mina jumps down from the counter and walks towards him. “Apparently, when you’re not at his, you’re here. And you’re usually not either place without each other unless one of you are working. I have to ask.”

Hitoshi takes a big sip of his coffee. “I thought he asked you to stay out of it?”

“He did.” Mina nods. She’s leaning against the same counter as Hitoshi now. Invading his personal space a little more than he’d like. “But, you know, I just wanna help him. He’s never confessed to liking someone, or wanting to even just have sex with anyone. If he’s suddenly come across feelings, I want to help him be happy.”

It’s really annoying that Hitoshi understands where Mina comes from. He’s kinda annoyed that Katsuki hasn’t told him anything, because that’s exactly what Hitoshi wants for him, too.

“He hasn’t told me anything,” says Hitoshi eventually. He sips his coffee. “I don’t think he will.”

“Yeah, maybe.” Mina shrugs. “But, I don’t actually think he included you in the whole ‘you’ll just fuck it up’ thing.”

“Maybe not.”

She shakes her head. “You’re like… How do I put this? You’re like his… something. Are you his best friend? You’re the person he trusts the most, I think. It’s not like he doesn’t tell you things, right?”

“There’s plenty of things he doesn’t tell me.” Hitoshi finishes the coffee in his mug. He pours another one. He still doesn’t feel particularly awake, but he’s not as tired anymore. “Sometimes he just

growls and I'm lucky he doesn't start blasting my face."

"Sure. Does he tell you eventually?"

"Sometimes."

"What do you think about the possibility that it's you he wants to flirt with?"

Hitoshi scoffs. "I don't think that's an actual possibility."

Mina turns to face him. "But are you sure?" She sets the beer down on the counter. "Like, he spends so much time with you. He sits in your lap occasionally. He's played with your hair when you've fallen asleep during squad nights. He literally dragged you out with him after yelling at us for discussing his love life!"

"Still not within the realm of possibility."

"But you flirt with him. All. The. Time." She sounds exasperated. "He might do all those couple-y, touchy things with you, but you also do them with him *and* you constantly make innuendos and flirty comments. When do you not say he's hot?"

Hitoshi raises his brows and sips his coffee.

Mina's eyes go wide with frustration. She groans and leans her head on Hitoshi's chest. "You are so annoying! There's obvious tension."

"I'm not saying I don't flirt with him, but as you all pointed out yesterday, I do that with everyone."

"Not me!"

"Mina, I'm gay."

She blows a raspberry at him. "C'mon. Just entertain the idea."

Hitoshi sighs. "Okay, what do you want me to say? I have no issues with wanting to have sex with him. He knows that. Romantic feelings? Seems complicated."

"See? You're attracted to him. That's something."

"And who does that help? We don't know who he wants to flirt with. What if it's some random stranger he hasn't dared tell anyone about? What if it's someone he doesn't spend time with but just admires from

afar? What if it's—"

"Hitoshi." Mina takes the coffee mug from his hands. "We both know it's not someone random. It's Katsuki! He doesn't just get a random crush. It's probably been building for a long time before he even realized. He's not that in tune with his emotions."

"Don't be so sure. He's probably more in tune than any of us."

Mina *tsks*. "You're so annoying. I just want to figure it out."

"I'm not much help."

"I know." She sighs. "Wanna watch a movie? You're awake now anyways, right?"

Hitoshi shrugs. "Sure, but you're picking and I reserve the right to fall asleep."

Mina laughs. "All right, but we both know that last part isn't happening."

Hitoshi really wishes, deep down, that she wasn't right. He really would like to sleep.

Dynamight @DynamightOfficial • 3d
How the fuck do you flirt?
408k retweets | 10.6k quote retweets | 2M likes
View all 16,076 replies

> **aaaaaaa** @neededahandle
> *Replying to @DynamightOfficial*
> Im not that good at flirting either but maybe try subtle things, like touching or just small comments here and there?? Like things that can be friendly and flirty
>
> **Wonder Duo** @wonderduo
> *Replying to @DynamightOfficial*
> [LINK] theres a lot of tips online, like here, with pick-up lines and other tips
>
> **mindblown** @dynamightmindfvck

Replying to @DynamightOfficial
you could do the thing that would make most sense seeing as you are Dynamight and you know, just tell whoever it is you like them???

shitty nerd @heroanalystnr1
Replying to @DynamightOfficial
1 compliments 2 touching 3 gifts (flowers, smth theyve always wanted) 4 laugh at their jokes, even if they arent funny 5 show interest in them and their interests

[no one under 18 emoji] who do we want it to be? [no one under 18 emoji] @dynanr1
Replying to @DynamightOfficial
i dont know how to flirt either, im gonna scour this thread for answers so bad

THE HUSH HUSH CHAT • today at 23.12

uraviiity: okay listen up

piiikapiiika: i dont know if i want to
piiikapiiika: i am still running from blasty

uraviiity: too bad this still has to do w blasty

boiii: you dont think it's time to let it go?

piiinky: no never
piiinky: anyways, we've got squad night coming up and we have a thought

jiiirou: im not coming

piiinky: too bad but youre not a loss

eyebags: im gonna regret asking this, but who is a loss??

uraviiity: you, ei, denks, hanta, deku (if he accepts), shouto (if he accepts), tenya (if he accepts), and probably more, but mainly its you, ei, denks and hanta

eyebags: gonna regret this too, why? and ure just assuming he's gay? not gonna even entertain the idea of other sexualities??

piiinky: bc ur the candidates for who hed flirt with. U, ei, denks and hanta are the top of the list bc the closest friend circle
piiinky: mido is obviously also a candidate but i feel less bc of their history but also a lot bc its clear kat cares
piiinky: todo and iida are kinda long shots but he spends enough time with them that it could be either.

uraviiity: so were making sure they all come to squad night so we can keep an eye out for who he flirts with

piiinky: n yes its kind of assuming but can u tell me its a woman? Is there a chance of it?

riiiot: wait does that mean we have to play part in this????
riiiot: i dont want to

eyebags: im just saying u shouldnt assume

piiinky: yessss
piiinky: everyone has to help look out
piiinky: which is y yall need to read through at least a portion of the replies to his tweets, and the quote rts because there could be so much there he can use and we need to see it
piiinky: well see toshi

eyebags: i dont wanna come now

uraviiity: u have too, youre in the lead

eyebags: in the lead? For what?

boiii: haha
boiii: so happy im not u

piiinky: dont be stupid

eyebags: i thought we agreed on this
eyebags: it being me is far outside the realm of possibility

piiinky: sure nice in thought to say that, but it is so obvious that it can be you

jiiirou: now i want to come
jiiirou: but just for the entertainment, im not going through any of

those tweets

eyebags: bet denks has already gone through a third of them so bet ur good
eyebags: i dont wanna come tho

uraviiity: too bad toshi
uraviiity: its ur and hantas turn to host

boiii: hahahah
boiii: do u guys know that kats showing up?

eyebags: hes got the day and the day after off and even if he doesnt say so he does enjoy spending time with you guys

piiikapiiika: i knew it, blasty boy loves us

eyebags: im screenshotting that specifically and sending it to him

piiikapiiika: no i dont want to die!
piiikapiiika: please hitoshi, at least let me know who he wants to flirt with first. U have to kno who it is when ur so insistent that it isnt you

eyebags: bye

piiinky: READ THE REPLIES!!!

Katsuki in the kitchen is hot.

It's something Hitoshi will never actually admit to out loud. One, Katsuki would probably have his head for it. Two, absolutely everyone he knows, maybe except for Katsuki, would take it the wrong way.

However, Hitoshi still looks whenever he walks in on Katsuki cooking, or he's there when Katsuki starts cooking.

The times he walks in on Katsuki, he knows the other boy has turned off his hearing aids and won't hear him come in. It gives him more than enough time to appreciate the fact that whenever Katsuki cooks and he thinks he's alone, two things will happen; he'll wear a tank top that gives perfect view of defined arms, toned abs, and a heavily muscled back—each of which can be seen at the perfect angle; he'll

actually look relaxed, calm, and at peace. No frown, no anger in the red of his eyes, no tension in his muscles.

Hitoshi really wishes he could see him like that most of the time, but, unfortunately, Katsuki has a thing for both working himself up and not being able to wind himself down.

Whenever Katsuki cooks with Hitoshi in the room and he knows it, only one thing will happen; eventually—usually only after ten or so minutes—Hitoshi will be thrown out of the kitchen because he's disrupting Katsuki's peace and ruining the food that he's not even anywhere near touching.

Today is, currently, the first kind.

Hitoshi has a key to Katsuki's apartment. It's technically for emergencies and for someone to water his plants when he's away (which Hitoshi has thankfully never had to do because they would die), but it's used sparingly whenever Hitoshi feels like it. Katsuki has yet to call him out on it.

He walked in to find Katsuki chopping vegetables, which alone is highly satisfying to watch just because the movement of Katsuki's arms is smooth and the high speed with which he doesn't cut off his fingers is adrenaline inducing. There's also the fact that Katsuki's arm flexes slightly.

But chopping vegetables means that Katsuki has found all the ingredients he needs and he won't be turning around until everything's in the pot on the stove and it's left to either simmer or boil or whatever the fuck it's supposed to do. Hitoshi isn't exactly into all this cooking shit.

He is into it when he gets a free show of Katsuki in a tank top, though.

It's not like it's a secret he's attracted to the explosive boy. He's never hid the fact that he wouldn't mind having sex with him, but it's not a topic they've discussed anymore than whoever Katsuki's tweet is about.

And when it comes to romantic feelings, Hitoshi was under the impression Katsuki probably wouldn't ever get any. That wouldn't matter to Hitoshi either, because, by watching his friends go on dates and be heartbroken, they seem really complicated.

His life is complicated enough as it is.

Nonetheless, and despite what he's telling everyone else, he's curious when it comes to Katsuki's supposed 'crush' or what one would call it.

He's pretty sure it isn't himself. He's also ninety-eight percent certain that Mina is right with her narrow search. It can only be someone Katsuki knows, tolerates. Someone who, somehow, both gets on his nerves and that he manages to relax around. It's probably someone attractive (read: it could be any of their friends), and probably someone with a bigger, more visible musculature (read: rules out Hitoshi, Denki, Hanta and Todoroki).

It makes Mina and Ochako's plan for the next 'squad night' interesting. Hitoshi just isn't sure Katsuki would flirt with someone openly in front of all his friends, especially when he said they'd all fuck it up if they knew.

Maybe—

"Are they planning anything?"

Hitoshi is dragged out of his thoughts by Katsuki. He's turned around, and he doesn't even look surprised to find Hitoshi leaning against the counter on the other side of the kitchen. It's become pretty common now, though, so maybe not that surprising.

"Are who planning what?" he asks, not entirely sure he heard right.

"Those fucking nosy dipshits," says Katsuki. "They planning anything? For this Friday?"

"Oh." Hitoshi blinks his surprise away. It wasn't how he expected to be greeted, but he supposes it's not entirely weird. They've never really been the ones to say "hello" to start a conversation, nor do they beat around the bush.

It takes him a moment to collect his thoughts and actually figure out what to answer. And because he's an asshole, but an honest one, he says, "yeah."

Katsuki sighs. "Fuckin' knew it." He turns back around to the pot on the stove. "Don't tell them I know."

"Sure." Hitoshi shrugs. "Wanna know the plan?"

"Doesn't fucking matter, does it? They'll do it anyway."

“Yeah, but it could be fun if you knew. You could throw them off.” Hitoshi walks over to where Katsuki stands. He positions himself against the counter so that he can see the look on Katsuki’s face. “You could flirt with everyone just to make it impossible to figure out who it is.”

Katsuki raises both brows. “They have a list?”

Hitoshi nods. “Oh, yeah.”

“Who’s on it?”

“Randomly or by most to least likely according to them? Or least to most likely?”

Katsuki is silent for a moment. He picks up a spoon on the counter and dips it into the food. “Least to most,” he says, and the spoon goes into his mouth.

“Alright. Let’s see.” He pulls out his phone and opens up the chat. He doesn’t need to, but he’d like for Katsuki not to think he’s at any part invested in this for anything but the drama. “Tied for least, Todoroki and Iida.”

There’s a scoff next to him.

“Next is Izuku.”

Another scoff, and a mumbled, “like I’d fucking like that shitty nerd.”

“I think the rest they say here is random other than the top two. So, Denki and Hanta. Third and fourth, don’t know who’s what. Then it’s Eijirou.”

Hitoshi pauses and looks up at Katsuki. He kinda wants to see the reaction for the top spot. If it is true, there would be a reaction, right? Not that Hitoshi actually wants one.

Katsuki adds something to the pot before he looks at Hitoshi. His face is one emotion and it’s impatient. “Just fucking tell already,” he says.

“Me.”

The absolute indifference in Katsuki’s stare is not what Hitoshi expected. He’s not entirely sure what he expected, maybe a snarky comment about how ugly he is and that that would never happen, or how he’s such an asshole he’s lucky Katsuki is friends with him.

Anything but the silence and indifference.

Katsuki sighs. “Those fuckers should find better things to do with their lives.”

“Yeah…” Hitoshi looks from his phone to Katsuki. “Are they close? Is it someone on the list?”

“The fuck do you care about that for?”

Hitoshi holds up his hands in surrender. “Sorry, just curious.” He blows air out of his mouth, mustering up the courage before he asks, “was I amongst the people you’d think would fuck it up for you?”

“No.”

“Okay, so I can know?”

“No.”

“You’re no fun.” Hitoshi reaches a hand across the counter and snatches a piece of carrot from the chopping board. Katsuki only glares at him, but he doesn’t say anything. “I’ll find out, you know.”

“Sure.”

“You ever gonna confess?”

Katsuki’s stare feels like a death sentence. “The fuck would I flirt for if I wasn’t gonna go for it?”

“I don’t know. Maybe you’re scared. Maybe they’re taken.”

“Not fucking it.”

Hitoshi smirks. “Ah, yes, the classic. I don’t want to tell because I’m scared. Of course.”

“That’s not fucking why.”

“Then why?”

“I’m not telling.”

“C’mon. I’d tell you.”

“No.”

“Why?”

“No.”

“Why?”

“No.”

“Why?”

He should’ve probably seen it coming. Both the blast to his face that (thankfully) didn’t burn off his eyebrows and the kicking out of the kitchen. Hitoshi would’ve kicked himself out.

But Hitoshi would’ve, also, maybe, kept an eye on himself. There’s nothing he does better than sneak around and snoop, and that’s exactly what he does in Katsuki’s apartment as the other continues to cook.

He finds absolutely nothing useful.

DYNAMIGHT’S FLIRT?

TALKING TO PRESS AFTER THE CAPTURE OF A MINOR VILLAIN, CHARGEBOLT LETS SLIP THAT HE LIKES SOMEONE

Tokyo, 7th of May, 2XXX

By Akiyama Takeshi | HEROBUZZ

After defeating a minor villain and saving three teenagers from falling debris, sidekick Chargebolt [age 22] takes a moment to talk to the press. During a personal question, he lets it slip that he has feelings for someone.

Immediately, the hero backtracked, but not before more questions could be asked. One of the next questions were about Pro Hero Dynamight’s [number 43; age 23] tweet, to which Charegbolt answered vaguely enough that there’s reason to believe that it’s about him, and that Dynamight has already started to flirt.

[CLICK TO READ MORE]

“Is that Kacchan’s cooking I’m looking at?” Denki practically drools at the sight in front of him. Almost the entire counter of Hitoshi’s kitchen is covered with food. Plates of different dishes and sides that look extremely appetizing, which sucks for them since Katsuki was adamant none of the food is snack.

It is, as Denki guessed, Katsuki’s cooking. Hitoshi had asked, Katsuki doesn’t trust anyone else with edible food, and since it’s Katsuki’s day off, he’d spent most of the day in Hitoshi’s kitchen.

To Katsuki’s defense, he really does enjoy the kitchen, and Hitoshi isn’t going to annoy him so much that he won’t make food. It’s too good to pass up.

“Yup.”

“How’d you get him to do that?”

Hitoshi shrugs. “He likes cooking and I asked.”

“And you say it’s not you the tweet is about.” Denki squints at him, as if Hitoshi hides something.

“I’m telling you, it’s not. I don’t get why you’re so insistent it is?”

“It’s because you get him to do stuff,” says Hanta as he enters the kitchen. “He says yes to cook, he says yes to come to squad nights, he says yes to go out for drinks. He even said yes to a movie night once just because you asked if he wanted to come.”

“Sure,” Hitoshi says, and nods. “The times you know he says yes. He says no all the fucking time. I think it’s his favorite word.”

“My favorite words is fuck, you idiots.” Katsuki barely spares them a glance as he walks past the kitchen doorway. The glance is a glare. “Stop discussing me!” he yells before he disappears.

Both Denki and Hanta gesture at the empty doorway.

“See? He’s here, isn’t he?” Denki looks, in every way, like Hitoshi just does not understand anything. Maybe he doesn’t, but he definitely understands that whatever everyone else wishes to see, is not there.

Hitoshi sighs. “I know you don’t believe me, and I know he can hear this, but he’s here because he fucking wants to. If he says yes to something I’ve asked, it’s because he fucking wants to, and I know he’s said yes to you guys plenty of times without me being involved. You’re just as good candidates as me.”

“Now, I can’t really argue,” replies Denki, “but, and here’s the deal. Explosive Boy in there knows I’ve been crushing hard on someone specific since our third year at Yuuei and that it’s not him, okay? So, please, it is not me.”

It’s not exactly a secret that Denki fancies Izuku. However, he’s never actually done anything about it, and it’s getting a bit tiring. Hitoshi would write him off the list Mina and Ochako created just for that, but because Denki doesn’t flirt with Izuku nor has any plans on confessing past his usual compliments, he’s safe to be on the list anyways.

Though, Katsuki probably has problems with Denki liking Izuku. At least, enough problems with it that he doesn’t like Denki just because.

Why any of it matters is beyond Hitoshi. They’re twenty-two (some twenty-three already), and it’s really not the end of the world if they haven’t found anyone yet. Hitoshi is adamant that he has at least a few good years left to just screw around and then maybe consider doing something about it in his late twenties.

But then again, romantic feelings are complicated and he’s not sure he ever wants to go down that road.

His friends do, but Hitoshi can’t understand their rush. The only established relationship within their closest friends is Mina and Ochako, and they’ve been together for about three years now. Hitoshi is pretty sure it’ll last, but with his experience (of watching tv-shows and movies) most people don’t meet “the one” in their early twenties.

Hitoshi sighs and ignores Denki’s plea that it isn't him. He’s pretty sure of that himself, it’s just fun to see Denki completely lost and probably terrified at the prospect of Katsuki liking him romantically. It’s not exactly something any of their friends have thought about, or at least to Hitoshi’s knowledge.

Eventually, everyone has made it to Hanta and Hitoshi’s apartment and sit cramped in the living room. They have one couch (a two-seater) and Hitoshi’s armchair that no one else is allowed to sit in because it completely ruins the fact that he spent a lot of hard-earned money on it to have the most comfortable place to sit and fall asleep.

Despite Mina's and Ochako's worries, Izuku, Todoroki and Iida all showed up. Hitoshi is certain Izuku showed because he's happy to be invited and he likes participating. He's also certain Todoroki only showed up because of Katsuki's tweet and his innate and not very well hidden curiosity. How they convinced Iida to come, he has no idea.

Iida and Todoroki sit on the couch. Both of them silent observers as Mina and Denki argue about what they're going to do (whether to watch a movie, have a movie marathon, or play a game, or do all three but they can't decide the order).

Denki, Mina and Ochako sit on the wrong side of the coffee table, with their backs to the TV. The remote goes back and forth between Denki and Mina, currently tight in Denki's grip. Ochako looks like she wishes she sat elsewhere.

Hanta, Eijirou and Izuku sit on Hanta's mattress that he brought from his room. It's been placed by the couch, with pillows at the back for better support. They moved the coffee table so that it would fit. Kyouka and Momo were offered spots on both the couch and the mattress, but both refused and are currently sitting on snagged chairs from the kitchen.

Katsuki wasn't offered anywhere to sit, but he had (before Hitoshi came into the living room) stolen the armchair. As a compromise—that did not go unnoticed by Mina and Ochako, unfortunately—Katsuki sits in Hitoshi's lap. Thankfully, the chair is comfortable enough that it's nice. Katsuki feels like a weighted blanket in Hitoshi's lap that eases him from knowing that he technically can't run from a squad night hosted in his own apartment.

"Can't we play a game?" The voice belongs to Izuku. It has Mina and Denki stop their discussion. "I've never been to, uhm, a 'squad night' before, but I thought that maybe a game could be fun."

To be fair, the squad nights hosted by Mina or Denki are usually full of games. Drinking games, games that involve all kinds of secrets spilling, and so on. The only reason they're arguing is because Hitoshi has always said he wants a more quiet night when he hosts because he can't suddenly leave.

Usually, he blames his cats for early absence. Now they're in his room because they hate visitors and that's not an excuse when he can just pop by and check on them and come back within a minute.

"Yeah, okay." Denki grins at Mina, as if a game was his idea (Mina

suggested it when she first came and in the group chat without Katsuki because, “we can use the game to have Katsuki spill”). “Let’s play a game. Do you have one in mind, Midoriya?”

Izuku blushes, but shakes his head. “No… No, I just wanted you to stop arguing.”

Hitoshi tries to hide a snicker. Denki and Mina both look offended.

“I have a game,” says Todoroki. He looks innocent, with his hand raised in the air and no discernible emotion on his face. His looks to everyone, almost like a puppy waiting for instructions.

“What kind?” asks Mina. It’s not an innocent question. Unless Todoroki’s response is specifically a game that will spill secrets, or create a war between them, Mina will not agree to play it. She’s very specific in what’s allowed during squad nights, and the first rule she ever came up with (that Denki told Hitoshi about once he had been initiated into their group of friends) was ‘anything that doesn’t test our friendship is too boring’.

“It’s called *The Voting Game,”* replies Todoroki. He gets up from his spot on the couch, nearly tripping over Hanta in the motion to do so and disappears before anyone can reply. When he comes back, he’s holding a black box in his hand that reminds Hitoshi of the box for *Cards Against Humanity*. Only this one has *The Voting Game* in white ink on the front.

Mina’s eyes go wide and she makes grabby hands for the box. Todoroki gives it to her.

“I bought it because Izuku wanted to play a party game, but I’ve only played it once. Izuku said I should bring it here.” He sits back down again and shrugs. “There are cards with questions on them and then everyone votes on who they think it describes the most. It can be more complicated, but Izuku said that would be the most fun.”

No one says anything as Mina picks apart the box. She reads the instructions with Ochako hovering over her shoulder. Neither comments, and after about five minutes of waiting, Mina looks back up with a wicked grin splitting her face in two.

“There’s a few things on here Todoroki didn’t mention, but I don’t think that’s important. We can just read the cards and vote,” she says, and pulls a big stack of cards out that she places on the coffee table. “I’m thinking we vote by pointing. It’s easy and fast. If someone wants

a reason why they're pointed at, we might explain. That's up to one of those pointing at said person."

Nods and murmurs of agreement are all around. Katsuki makes a noise of disgust, but he doesn't make any move to leave or not participate, which is more than what Hitoshi suspected.

Hitoshi, on the other hand, is kind of curious as to what the questions will be, and why no one has mentioned alcohol yet. It's not always a part of their squad nights, but more often than not, Denki will argue that someone a little tipsy will ease their comfort zone enough to make the testing of friendship a little less tense.

Just by thinking about it, alcohol is brought up. Denki whips out two bottles of spirits and sets them on the table. Everyone is responsible themselves for drinking what they want, but the penalty he presents is to at least drink when you have the most votes.

There's another grunt of annoyance from Katsuki at that.

Mina claps her hands together and grins. "I guess we'll start then." She picks up the first card from the stack on the table. Her grin widens. "Who will still be an asshole in ten years?"

Immediately all hands point at where Hitoshi and Katsuki sit. Hitoshi points at Katsuki because he knows himself to be an asshole and that it'll annoy the blond. He's pretty sure Katsuki points at him because he is an asshole. As for the rest of them, Hitoshi can't actually tell who points at who.

According to the tally Mina decides to make, all of them point at Katsuki, except for Mina and Hanta, who both point at Hitoshi.

Hitoshi holds Katsuki back from lunging at their friends. Maybe if he didn't do shit like that, they wouldn't call him an asshole.

Denki picks the next card. "Who's sex tape would get the most views if it was posted on an amateur porn site?" The grin that spreads on his face as he looks up from the card is unmistakable.

Seven fingers point at Izuku, five point at Katsuki. Absolutely no one is surprised.

Unlike Katsuki for the first card, Izuku picks one of the bottles of alcohol and pours a little into his drink. He sips it, but it's the most careful sip Hitoshi has seen of anyone who has ever drunk alcohol.

Katsuki is the next to pick a card, only he refuses to get up and has Denki bring it to him (along with the next card for Hitoshi just because he doesn't want to get up twice). "Whose Google search history would you like to see the most?"

Finally, some variation. Hitoshi himself points at Todoroki. He has absolutely no idea what goes on in the guy's brain and he'd love to figure it out. Denki also points at Todoroki. Mina, Hanta, Izuku and Todoroki point at Katsuki, who rolls his eyes. Kyouka, Momo, Ochako and Katsuki point at Hitoshi. Iida and Eijirou point at Denki.

"Wait? Why me?" asks Denki and lowers his arm. "I'm literally an open book. I'd ask any of you guys before I suddenly searched it up."

Eijirou shrugs. "Pretty sure you've searched up something fucked up that you know is too weird to ask us."

"I believe it would be interesting," says Iida and chops the air as if to add a punch to his reply.

"Why me?" asks Todoroki. He looks at Hitoshi as he asks.

"Bet you have weird ass questions you search up. I can't really read you well and that makes me curious."

Todoroki nods. "I do."

That answer just leaves Hitoshi more curious. Though, considering Todoroki's honesty, he could probably just ask to see the search history and he would get to. Maybe he will, after tonight.

"That out of the way, Toshi, read your card." Mina's eyes are wide and curious. It's almost as if she's waiting for something specific. There was probably something in the rules she didn't tell anyone.

So, Hitoshi flips his card. He makes sure that Katsuki can't see it, though he does try to, and reads it first silently to himself. "Who has a huge stack of expired condoms?" he says. Without pointing, he looks at Denki.

Everyone points at Denki.

He looks offended, but Hitoshi knows it to be true that Denki has an enormous stack of unused condoms hidden in his bedroom. Most of which have probably expired by now.

Denki does not hesitate to unscrew the cork and take a shot straight from the bottle.

“Alright,” says Mina. She looks a little disappointed. “Nothing good has come from this just yet, but I’d like for you to pick a good card, Hanta. C’mon. Cause some drama.”

Hanta does not cause drama. Other than a few annoyed grunts from Katsuki, and the rest of them taking a few shots from the bottles of spirits, the next few rounds go by without a hitch. Mina looks more and more disappointed for each card picked.

She still looks hopeful as Hitoshi takes a shot after his own card gave him the most votes. The way she locks eyes with Hanta makes Hitoshi both a little scared and a little intrigued. Enough so that he hands the bottle to Katsuki in an attempt to get him a little looser before either of their friends say the absolutely wrong thing.

Katsuki may know something will happen, but that doesn’t mean Hitoshi isn’t certain he’s going to lose it when it does.

Katsuki doesn’t take a sip.

Hanta smirks as he leans across the table. He picks a card, winks at—Hitoshi assumes—Katsuki, and reads, “who is most likely to be the one Explosion Murder Boy wants to flirt with?”

Katsuki jumps out of Hitoshi’s lap and snatches the card right out of Hanta’s hand. “It does not fucking say that!” he yells and nearly turns the card to ashes before he’s even glanced at it.

“No,” says Hanta. The confidence in his voice is suspicious. “It’s a blank card, which I assumed meant I could say whatever the fuck I wanted.”

Mina nods. “That’s what the rules say.”

Katsuki throws the card down. “Fuck the rules. You even point at a single person in here and I will blow all your fucking faces off.”

They’re toddlers. All of them. This is a tantrum only rebellious toddlers would decide to throw when they know there’s a threat that could, actually, be much worse than not doing the thing. The consequences mean nothing, exactly like they would for a child who doesn’t know better.

Except they all do.

And yet they all point.

Hitoshi points at Katsuki himself. He doesn't actually want to involve himself, but he wouldn't put it past the idiot to fall in love with his own reflection with how much he agrees whenever someone compliments him. He's practically Narcissus incarnated.

Kyouka, Momo, Eijirou, Iida and Todoroki point at Izuku. Izuku, Denki, Mina, Ochako and Hanta point at Hitoshi.

In one long glare, Katsuki stares at each one of them before he storms off. Hitoshi knows, by where the slam of a door comes from, he's locked himself in Hitoshi's room with the cats he claims to hate.

No one says anything as they lower their arms and stare after Katsuki. Mina looks guilty. Ochako only looks slightly less guilty. Hitoshi isn't exactly sure he cares.

Katsuki knew they would do something. He got that information from Hitoshi himself. He knew they were all planning to extract information from him, one way or another. Freaking out over it, as if it's a much bigger deal than they all actually thought, means that they will all dig harder.

Having known Mina and Ochako for almost six years, Hitoshi knows that whenever someone reacts to something they did, they'll only continue digging. They claim it's to help, but sometimes Hitoshi isn't so sure.

"Should someone go check on him?" asks Izuku. He looks at Hitoshi as he says it.

"I don't want to die," he says and shakes his head. "Do you want me to die?"

"You're the only one who didn't actually point to anyone seriously," argues Denki. He grabs one of the bottles on the table and hands it to him. "Take a shot and man up. You're probably the only one here who he won't kill if they try to talk to him."

Hitoshi rolls his eyes. "You clearly don't know how many times he has tried to kill me." He does not add the thought that Katsuki probably won't kill whoever he likes. He has a feeling that would just get thrown back in his face considering how many of them think it's him.

However, Hitoshi doesn't see any other options. Katsuki is his friend, they all took part in being kind of mean, and someone needs to check up on him. Also, Hitoshi would like to make sure neither of his cats are dead.

He accepts the bottle from Denki, takes a big swig and refuses to give it back. He flips them all the finger as he walks away, and turns around to glare at Mina when she whisper-yells, "good luck" after him.

He knocks lightly on the door. Maybe he can play it off as Katsuki not wanting to open the door, but unfortunately, the door rips open right away and has Hitoshi stumble inside. He hears the door close behind him before he manages to regain his balance.

"Didn't think you'd open." Hitoshi takes a swig of the bottle. The first sip he took in the living room isn't yet there, not enough so that he feels like he has the adrenaline to actually have a conversation with a clearly angry Katsuki.

"Knew it'd be you, Troll Doll." Katsuki flings himself onto Hitoshi's bed. Koneko, Hitoshi's soon to be four years old Norwegian Forest cat, doesn't even flinch at the movement. He lies there like the idiot he is and only stares at Katsuki for invading his space. The fact that he doesn't move is enough to know Katsuki has his approval.

Hitoshi sighs and sits down on the floor. He leans his back against the bed. "Did you know I didn't wanna come?" he asks. Hitoshi's other cat, a white and tiny one he so creatively named Shiro (not that Koneko is very creative either) that recently turned a year, walks up to him and curls up in his lap.

"Sure did."

"Wanna talk about it?"

"Not a fucking chance."

"You okay, though?"

There's no reply. Then there's a loud sigh as Katsuki gets up from the bed and slides down next to Hitoshi. He yanks the bottle out of Hitoshi's grip and takes three big sips before he sets it down on the floor.

"Is that a no?"

Katsuki scoffs. “I’m fucking fine. I just wish those idiots listened when I told them to stay out of shit that isn’t their business.”

“You should know by now that they don’t do that.”

“You should know by now that you don’t get away with it either.”

Hitoshi doesn’t reply. He threads his fingers through Shiro’s fur and hopes Katsuki doesn’t say anything else, hopes he can get away with it.

“I know you’re curious. I know you egg them on. I know you want to know.”

Hitoshi nods. He won’t deny it. It’s obvious this means a lot more to Katsuki than he thought it did, so maybe he should take it seriously. Maybe he shouldn’t ignore that feeling in his gut either that he doesn’t actually like thinking about Katsuki liking someone.

“I’m not going to tell you.”

“Do you want to?”

“No.” A clear lie. Katsuki’s tell is that he grows quieter. Like he whispers when he lies so that it isn’t as big. After all, he does pride himself on his honesty.

“You don’t have to.” Hitoshi turns to look at Katsuki. “I want to know, but I won’t pressure you.”

Katsuki’s eyes are closed. Hitoshi can see the slight trace of a tear. It’s almost dried up. He feels kind of silly, stupid really. But exactly why he’s been thinking of it as something that isn’t that serious, he isn’t sure.

Of course, it’s serious. It’s Bakugou Katsuki’s first admittance of actual feelings for someone. Maybe the important thing isn’t the who or the how. Maybe it’s actually acknowledging that he has feelings and that they’re new and therefore this is all much harder than any of them even considered.

Chapter 2

Chapter Notes

> okay so it took a little bit over a week but formatting is a bitch and i have somewhat of a life, i think.
>
> anywas, i hope you enjoy this. theres a tiny bit of angst, if you squint and a few realizations a long the ways.
>
> notes:
> **pinkladynr1** is Mina and **pinkladynr2** is uraraka
> and a reminder that **heronerdanalystnr1** is deku bc its more fun if you know.
>
> enjoy!

mindblown @dynamightmindfvck • 12m
this is gonna sound weird to a lot of people, probably but i just realized… why are we so insistent on knowing who dynamight likes?? Shouldn't we rather just root for him and give him tips??
1.2k retweets | 2.7k likes
View all 237 replies

heronerdanalystnr1 reblogged from **chargeriot**

chargeriot

REASONABLE CHOICES AS TO WHO DYNAMIGHT'S TWEET WAS ABOUT

This probably comes as no surprise to anyone that I've spent the last week since Dynamight's tweet came to ponder exactly who it's about. I've made a lot of decisions, looked at a lot of press photos and paparazzi photos where I've been able to find them. This list does not include anyone we know to be in a relationship, however there's probably some of these who are already taken but haven't announced this publicly.

Anyways, lets start.

1. Deku

Probably no surprise that he's on the list considering the fact that we've all seen the two of them in action together. Literally, I don't understand how it's possible for anyone to be this in sync without being in sync in their private life as well. They know each other so well, and Deku has revealed countless times that they're childhood friends. Who's to say that hasn't blossomed into love?

1. Cellophane

Maybe this one seems a bit weird? I don't know, but I've seen them in so many photos together. Coffee shops, shopping. In one picture with the two of them they almost look like they're holding hands, for real. They also seem so close when you see them in interviews. And cellophane constantly flirts with Dynamight. Please tell me you've seen it too

1. Chargebolt

By now youre thinking 'Red riot' should've already been on the list, what are you thinking with?? But, I think it's absolutely true that Red Riot could be high, he's in fourth you just haven't gotten to that point yet.

Anyways, have any of you guys seen those pictures that constantly go around everywhere with Chargebolt and Dynamight? Like seriously, there's nothing cuter. Charebolt's smile, Dynamight's attitude, all of it just… AAAAAAAA it could totally be him. And also, that slip up that chargebolt likes someone that happened two days ago? You have to agree with me

Okay this is getting pretty long, more under the cut

keep reading

heronerdanalystnr1

This is just a tiny little nitpick I have. Mostly I say this because you've included most of the heroes at Dynamight's agency that he would frequently be around, and you've included most of the people he went to class with at U.A. The list is ranked and it gets less and less description of why for each one, which means that the top ones are the ones we have the most interactions with.

You've completely missed the fact that Dynamight hangs out with

Shinsou Hitoshi. I don't know if you remember him but he was at U.A and got into the hero course, but the news said he was denied a hero license, or so I heard so instead he consults with the police and is only allowed to use his quirk under specific circumstances.

But still, I know they're still friends and I find it odd that he wouldn't be included on the list

1,469 notes
source: chargeriot #dynamight #dynamights tweet #shinsou hitoshi #im probably the only one who even knows bc i think he tries not to be spotted outside #like he probably gets a little bit harassed #maybe theyre already dating??? That would probably explain a lot

BLASTY • today at 13.02

blasty: Do you want to get coffee?

eyebags: i always want coffee
eyebags: wait do u mean go out somewhere n get coffee?? or like ur halfway to my place and mean that i should make coffee

blasty: I mean exactly what I said; do you want to get coffee? It's a simple fucking yes or no.

eyebags: depends on where

blasty: That coffee shop you like so fucking much

eyebags: oh tempting
eyebags: cant tho, im busy

blasty: Doing what?

eyebags: work
eyebags: new case on my hands and i needa prep

blasty: You're gonna disappear again?

eyebags: not for at least two months
eyebags: theres unfortunately a lot of prep and all the people they want on it they havent asked or anything yet

eyebags: im just that important that they need me to say yes first

blasty: You got a great fucking quirk so that's no surprise. Are you going to let me know before you disappear?

eyebags: dont i always

blasty: No.

eyebags: that period there seems passive aggressive. Im offended

blasty: Too bad. Text me when you're done with work.

eyebags: sure, why?? Want a movie date??? ;)

blasty: I'm not fucking telling you.

eyebags: n i know that. Whoever it is is pretty fucking lucky tho.
eyebags: all that cooking all to themselves?? I want that

blasty: I already cook for you all the time. You literally don't eat if you don't have boxes of my food.

eyebags: that explains why i was thinking of you. Im eating ur food for lunch.
eyebags: bentoboxforthewin.jpg
eyebags: this is fucking delicious

blasty: Just let me know, idiot.

eyebags: sure thing *finger guns•

blasty: I'm not going to ask, but stop texting Dunce Face so much.

eyebags: no appreciation for the fine arts

There's voices in the living room when Hitoshi emerges from his room. The bright light stings his eyes and hurts his brain, but it's still somewhat of a relief. After hours of reading and memorizing and trying to systemize the logistics of his case, he needs a break that doesn't even mention anything about heroics.

It's one of the reasons why Hitoshi's feet take him past the kitchen (where his coffee is and some painkillers) and all he needs is to stare at Mina before she vacates his chair and he can slump down in it.

She hovers over him, head cocked and brows furrowed. "You dying?" she asks.

"Unfortunately not."

"In that case, you care tell us why you look like it?"

"Work."

It's a sufficient enough answer. All of them know that their work can be draining. There are things that happen that are traumatizing beyond reason—which is why every hero has mandatory therapy every so often, and especially after specific cases. There are so many things that can go wrong, so many things out of control, so many things that hurt to see and experience, and especially all those times when they're too late or their quirk feels useless.

It's nice to have friends who understand, even if none of them actually know the details of any of Hitoshi's cases. Out of their class, only a handful decided to go underground and none of those are in Hitoshi's closest circle (and those he has talked to that did go the same route as him, don't get the same type of cases).

Sometimes Hitoshi feels his quirk was a curse; it's way too useful for all the wrong things.

"Then," says Denki and gets all the attention Hitoshi has to spare, "watch a movie with us?"

Hitoshi shrugs. He probably won't pay attention, but it would be better than nothing.

"Also, you can tell us exactly what you and Katsuki discussed on Friday. Because I want to know and you can only keep this from us for so long," adds Denki.

Mina and Hanta try not to visibly show their interest, which is easiest for Hanta as he's scrolling through the app on the TV to find a movie, but Hitoshi can still see the way his eyes divert to Hitoshi.

"He said he'll never tell any of us. Told me I wasn't counted in someone who'd fuck it up, but he still didn't wanna tell me." Hitoshi

shrugs. “He’ll let us know eventually. He told me on Wednesday he wouldn’t be flirting if he weren’t going to confess at some point.”

None of them reply. Hanta clicks into a movie and doesn’t even wait for approval before he starts it. It’s an old one that Hitoshi has watched more times than he can count. He doesn’t think he’ll really watch it.

“I just… I had a thought.” Mina pauses until she has their attention. “What if he’s already flirting with someone? Like, hasn’t actually changed his behavior towards anyone?”

Denki scoffs. “Why would he ask for flirting tips if he weren’t gonna use them?”

Mina rolls her eyes. “No, not that. I mean, some of the things he does can be thought of as flirting, right? Cooking for people, those casual touches he does sometimes to calm people down that make you feel seriously special, whenever he compliments? I’ve read through at least half of the replies to his tweet and a lot of it are things he already does.”

“So,” starts Hanta and stops the movie before he continues, “you’re saying he’s probably flirting with someone already? But doing the same exact shit he always does?”

“Think about it.” Mina sounds a little too excited for Hitoshi’s brain, but he gets her point.

Only, there’s one problem.

“How’s anyone supposed to understand that *now* it’s flirting, if he’s always done it?” It’s impossible to suddenly shift the way you think of something, and Hitoshi can’t possibly wrap his head around anything if whatever Katsuki does now, *after* the tweet, is meant differently than before.

“I don’t know.”

“Maybe he just haven’t figured out which way to flirt yet?” Denki leans back so that he rests his head in Mina’s lap and his feet in Hanta’s. “Like, yeah, maybe he might’ve realized some of the things he does *could* be thought of as flirting, but none of us would think that and he’s not exactly stupid. So, even if he continues those things, maybe take them up a notch, he’ll still have to do something extra and maybe he just needs to figure out what tips to use from all those

replies.”

Hitoshi nods and startles a little as something jumps up into his lap. Koneko curls into a ball and uses a paw to hit Hitoshi’s hand, a signal that he wants pets. Never, in a million years, will Hitoshi refuse.

“You’re probably right,” says Mina and sighs. She threads her fingers through Denki’s hair. “But, he’s probably planning on flirting. At least he’s trying, unlike some other people here.”

“Hey!”

“C’mon, Denks.” Hanta smiles. “You should at least try to go for it. You once did the exact same thing as Kat’s doing now, why not use those tips? I’m sure you made notes of a lot of them.”

Denki glares at them, even spares a moment to glare at Hitoshi despite him not having said anything. “I thought we were discussing Blasty? We can talk about who it is. And how obvious it is who it is.”

“Yeah, sure, you could try that. However, it would be no fun not to tease you, too.” Mina grins. “It’s not like no one noticed how excited you were any time you looked at him, or whenever he looked at you. It was cute.”

“No! I refuse.”

Hitoshi leans back in his chair, pushing the back down until he’s lying and Koneko curls up on his chest with his head underneath Hitoshi’s chin. From the view, he can see Shiro sneaking into the living room, but completely ignoring Mina’s and Denki’s sudden pleas of cuddles and instead settling down on the armrest next to Hanta.

The teasing of Denki continues. Hitoshi doesn’t actually listen, but the sounds are enough to take his mind off of work. Not enough to take his mind off of Katsuki, though.

What would his flirting look like?

It could be compliments. He doesn’t hand them out often, and when he does they’re usually full of curse words or nicknames that would, from someone else, sound belittling and demeaning.

Mina mentioned casual touches. She’s right. Katsuki doesn’t like being touched and he doesn’t like touching anyone unless it’s during a fight (he’s said so himself). Yet, to constantly say that he doesn’t like being

touched, Hitoshi struggles to think of a single time they've spent time together where Katsuki doesn't touch him at least once. That's not counting whenever the explosive boy hits him in the head, which happens at least twice a day.

It would be kind of sad to miss those touches. If Katsuki suddenly starts spending more time with someone else and Hitoshi doesn't get as much of his cooking, or his snarky comments, or his insults, Hitoshi doesn't know what to do. He spends so much time with Katsuki that that would change his entire life, and he's not sure he's ready for that.

Just the thought has a sour feeling well in his gut. It hurts a little, but Hitoshi isn't ready to explore why.

He clears his head, focuses on the feel of Koneko's fur against his skin and the sounds of the TV and his friends talking, and tries to ignore *everything* that's happening in his head.

"Hello?" calls Hitoshi.

The sound of his voice echoes back to him. He's not surprised, seeing as he used his own key and that only the light on is in the entrance hall.

He tugs the leashes of both Koneko and Shiro inside and closes the door. He only gets off Koneko's harness before a cat sneaks into the light. She's a black cat, named Kuro because Aizawa is no more creative than Hitoshi.

By the time Shiro's harness is off, both Koneko and Kuro have disappeared into the darkness. Hitoshi only watches as Shiro does the same, and then he chips off his shoes.

At this time of the day, both Aizawa and Yamada are at Yuuei, teaching classes. Eri is at school, though will probably be the first one home to find Hitoshi there. He'll have the door open, but sit in the office with his paperwork.

It's never a surprise for any of them to come home to him. One of the reasons Hitoshi chose his agency was because they agreed to let him do his paperwork from home. Agreed to let him only come in for his

mandatory patrol hours and training. Three times a week, he goes into his agency to have four hours of patrol and four hours of training, both with and without the use of a quirk.

Of course, should whatever case he has been handed require more training or other work before he disappears for whatever given time, he goes in more often. But the fact that he can use whatever time left as he likes gives him more time to sleep, more time to actually spend with friends, and most importantly, he can avoid the absolutely awful coffee they serve at the agency's cafeteria.

Hitoshi doesn't always intrude on Aizawa and Yamada during new cases, but especially heavy ones always give him the need for another space than his room. Plus, Aizawa is under the same agency and usually has the right clearance to know about Hitoshi's cases, meaning Hitoshi has someone else to talk about it with.

He could always ask for a confidant, could put down Katsuki's name. He knows that would be a possibility, and that Katsuki wouldn't pity him and actually listen, yet he'd like for none of his friends to know.

There's absolutely no need for them to know the exact details of any case he's had. They don't need to know the exact evils of this world, not when they've chosen to go another path where they don't need to see them.

The only time they do are the few cases where an underground hero is named, but few of the details are actually revealed and the only picture of said hero is a black outline. After all, no one actually knows what he looks like.

And it's only the big cases that actually make the news. Sometimes, the underground heroes don't even get credited and some Pro Hero gets the spotlight—though, this usually only happens if they believe one or more underground heroes might go back undercover within the same criminal sphere.

Hitoshi turns on the light in the living room before he makes his way to the office. Kuro and Koneko both lie on the couch, each to their own end and glaring at each other—they're friends, really, but the same kinds of friends Hitoshi and Katsuki are.

Shiro lies on top of a discarded sleeping bag. Hitoshi is almost surprised Aizawa isn't peeking out of it, but, if Shiro was lying on top of Aizawa, the grumpy cat lover wouldn't do anything to make him move.

The office is small. There's barely room for the desk and chair, and the shelf full of files (probably classified and that shouldn't be there, as well as files on their students) take up a whole wall itself.

Hitoshi opens the window, dumps his bag on the desk, and walks back out and into the kitchen. It's first when he's got a steaming cup of expensive coffee that he slumps into the office chair (that is absolutely no good for sitting still for a long time), that he pours out his laptop and the files for his case.

He sits engrossed in paperwork for hours. His notebook is filled with details and schematics, a blueprint is full of notes (which is why he has two), and the cup of coffee has gone cold before he's been able to drink it all up.

He's not sure how long he's sat there when there's a knock on the door, but he looks up to find Eri and Mirio, and smiles. Eri holds Shiro in her arms, and both Kuro and Koneko lie in Mirio's. It's annoying really, how well Koneko likes Mirio, and the fact that Kuro likes Mirio at all, because the black cat rarely even spares Hitoshi a glance.

"Hi, Hitoshi!" Eri beams at him.

Hitoshi quickly closes his laptop and starts putting the papers back into his bag. None of this is anything a thirteen year old should see, and it's absolutely none of Mirio's business. He's not an underground hero, and he's seen enough horrors to last him a lifetime, some even before he became a pro.

"Hi," replies Hitoshi. His voice is raspy from hours of unuse. He clears his throat and shakes his head. "What time is it?"

"It's almost four," says Mirio. He frowns before he adds, "how long have you been here?"

Hitoshi pushes himself up from the chair whilst he does the math in his head. He left his own apartment around eight, but he made a detour which means he couldn't have been here before after nine. So, "a little less than seven hours."

No wonder he's exhausted. He hasn't eaten or gotten up from his chair in almost seven hours. His back aches from sitting in the same position for so long. His neck cracks loudly as he stretches.

It also, most definitely, explains the pounding of his head.

“Have you eaten? Had anything besides coffee?” Mirio drops both cats in his arms to drag Hitoshi closer. His face contorts into this worried expression Hitoshi has seen way too often, and he doesn’t like it.

When Hitoshi started the hero course in his second year, he only knew Mirio by reputation. He had no idea who he was other than the fact that he’d been at the top of his year, despite the loss of a quirk before he graduated. The reason Hitoshi encountered Mirio after that was because Eri did her best to help Mirio regain his quirk by learning to control her own, and she had, which is why Mirio currently resides on the hero rankings, though far from the top seeing as it’s not too long since his debut (a few months prior to Katsuki, though they’re both climbing the rankings quickly).

However, Hitoshi had spent so much time training with Aizawa and agreeing to dinner (to avoid his own homelife) that by default he spent time with Mirio. And now, the hero is like an older brother Hitoshi never wanted and is still kind of unsure about. He also picks up Eri from school whenever he has the chance.

Apparently, today was one of those days and Hitoshi will get the brunt of it by having Mirio cook for him.

“Hitoshi, you have to eat!” exclaims Eri once she realizes Hitoshi won’t actually admit to not having eaten. It’s usually a good tell that he hasn’t. “You’re a hero, you have to eat to take out the villains.”

Hitoshi scratches his neck and avoids looking either of them in the eye. “I got caught up. With work.”

Mirio rolls his eyes. “You need someone to force feed you, I think. Doesn’t Bakugou keep you fed?”

“Keep me fed?” Hitoshi squints at Mirio, not really liking where this is going. “He cooks every now and then, I can’t solely rely on him.”

“I thought you were smarter than this, Hitoshi.” He slings an arm around Hitoshi’s shoulders, despite being almost a head shorter than him. “We’ll get some food into you. Aizawa and Yamada will be home soon, so maybe they’ll just make it so we can all eat together.”

Eri walks up to Hitoshi’s other side and takes his hand. “I’ll help you,” she whispers and winks at him.

He’ll need all the help he can get if he wants to avoid Mirio’s cooking. It’s not necessarily bad, but it’s not exactly good either. He’s at least

better than Aizawa, who does not know his way around a kitchen at all, but he's way worse than Yamada, who can actually cook a decent meal despite Katsuki's constant complaints—there's always something that can be done better.

"I can wait," tries Hitoshi. "If Yamada will be home soon, he can cook and I can stay for dinner. I was planning on that anyway."

"Nope," says Mirio and pops the 'p'. "You're eating now. You can't wait when you haven't eaten for seven hours."

"What's a few minutes when it's already been seven hours? I'm not even hungry." That's a lie. Just the thought of food has Hitoshi's stomach knot itself and his mouth water. The thought of Mirio's food reverses some of that, but he feels hungry enough that maybe it won't matter.

Unfortunately, Aizawa and Yamada are not home in the time it takes Mirio to cook something up, and Hitoshi is definitely not hungry enough that it doesn't matter. He practically forces himself to eat whatever the fuck is on his plate, and tries not to gag with each swallow.

If only Katsuki could come and teach Mirio how to cook. He's pretty sure Mirio would actually pick up on it, since he's a fast learner, and it would definitely help Eri whenever Mirio's there as a reliable adult (Eri refuses to call it babysitting because she's not a baby anymore).

"We're home!" yells Yamada at the same time as the front door opens. The yell reverberates through the apartment and completely deafens the sound of the movie Eri wanted to watch.

Kuro, Koneko and Shiro hide at the loud sound, and Hitoshi wishes he could do the same. The pounding of his head from earlier still hasn't subsided and Yamada's loud yelling doesn't exactly help.

"Did you eat yet?" he asks as he comes into the living room with Aizawa in tow. He lights up when he sees Hitoshi. "Toshi, how are you? Why are you here? Aww, do you wanna spend time with your parents?"

Aizawa and Yamada aren't Hitoshi's parents. They haven't adopted him like they did Eri, and Hitoshi never wanted to be, but they're still the closest thing he has to parental figures and he doesn't mind

whenever Yamada acts like it. It's not like he hasn't called either of them dad at various points, both by accident and as a joke.

"Work," replies Hitoshi.

Both Aizawa's and Yamada's faces fall because they know what Hitoshi's work entails, and they're smart enough to have figured out by now that Hitoshi only comes to work at their place for his heaviest cases.

Neither of them comment on it, though.

Yamada's smile slips back on quickly. "Okay dokay, you wanna help me make dinner?"

It's not like he doesn't know it's a front for the fact that Yamada wants to talk about something. With Hitoshi's luck it's also something he doesn't want to talk about, but he actually likes cooking with Yamada. It's relaxing and completely different from when he's in the kitchen with Katsuki and is constantly yelled at for doing something wrong (sometimes Hitoshi wonders if Katsuki says he's doing it wrong just because he either wants to throw him out or because he just wants to be the best).

"Sure," he says, and gets up.

Aizawa climbs into his sleeping bag and takes Hitoshi's place on the couch. Eri immediately starts filling him in on everything that's happened so far in the movie, and Mirio supplies where he thinks Eri missed vital information. Hitoshi has absolutely no idea what they were watching and is kind of relieved to follow Yamada into the kitchen.

It includes Shiro and Koneko following, too, and curling up together in one of the corners (they would probably have decided on the counter if not for the fact that they've been taught—mostly because Katsuki demanded Hitoshi set it as a rule—that they're not allowed there).

"What do you want for dinner?" asks Yamada. "We can make a lot of different things? What do you want? Meat, seafood, noodles?"

Hitoshi shrugs. After eating Mirio's food earlier, he's not that hungry, but he could always eat something simple. "Soba?" he asks.

Yamada beams. "Hot or cold?"

“Hot,” he replies. The only person he knows that prefers cold soba is Todoroki, and he’s never really been sure he trusts Todoroki’s taste.

It takes a few minutes for Yamada to get everything ready and direct Hitoshi to chop mushrooms and onions—probably because those are the things he doesn’t want to do himself. Hitoshi doesn’t mind. It’ll be over quick, and it’s not that much onion.

The silence looms over them for what feels like forever. Hitoshi knows there’s something Yamada wants to talk to him about, something he’s dying to talk about, and that he’s trying to figure out the right way to say without having Hitoshi blow up in his face. That happened once, Yamada did not care for it, but apologized for being too blunt and intruding on Hitoshi’s private life.

Everything about Yamada tells Hitoshi this is the exact same situation, only a few years later. He’s stiff, he doesn’t look at Hitoshi, he keeps humming some stupid song Hitoshi knows, but can’t figure out the title of. The biggest tell is that Yamada isn’t speaking. Yamada is *always* speaking.

It is so annoying that eventually, Hitoshi puts the knife down and turns around to break the silence. “What do you wanna talk about?” he asks.

Yamada shakes his head, tries to smile, and looks confused at the same time. “I’m not—I don’t want to—We don’t need to—”

“Out with it,” says Hitoshi. He fixes Yamada with his ‘Aizawa-stare’, which is basically Hitoshi’s impression of Aizawa, but he also knows that it works. “I’m not stupid. I know you want to ask me something.”

“Okay, okay.” Yamada sighs. He doesn’t look at Hitoshi as he begins to talk, only focuses on the food in front of him. “It’s been a week, a little more than a week, since Bakugou tweeted. I just, I wanted to know. Has anything happened yet? Is he flirting with someone?”

Hitoshi knew it would be something he wouldn’t actually want to talk about. Of course, Yamada is the master at making something sound like one question and leading up to another, which is why he hasn’t actually mentioned Hitoshi’s role in this questioning yet. But it’ll come up, Hitoshi is certain.

He still indulges.

“Nothing’s happened. If he is, I wouldn’t know who because he hasn’t

done it in a way I could understand or see," replies Hitoshi.

Mina's words from yesterday echo at the back of his head. *"What if he's already flirting with someone? Like, hasn't actually changed his behavior towards anyone?"*

Hitoshi isn't willing to discuss that with Yamada.

"No one?" asks Yamada. He sounds surprised. "I thought the whole point was to flirt with someone and show them he likes them, is that not it?"

"It is," replies Hitoshi. "He hasn't told me, though. Other than that he wouldn't try flirting if he wasn't going to actually let them know at some point. Maybe he's just building himself up for rejection before he tries anything?"

Yamada turns to look at Hitoshi now. "You really haven't noticed anything?"

Hitoshi shakes his head.

"Nothing? No touching, no compliments, no dinners, no coffee dates. Don't you two already do all of that? Are you sure you aren't already dating, Hitoshi?"

There it is. The moment he was waiting for.

"We're not." He's really glad he isn't holding the knife anymore. Yamada would see the whites of his knuckles, and know that he's toying with a string that's only a few pulls away from snapping. "It's not me, okay? Everyone is adamant that it is me, but it isn't. We're close, okay? I like his company, but why would it be me?"

"Because you're a catch, Toshi." Yamada smiles. "You're handsome, you like the same things as Bakugou, you're quiet unlike all of his other friends, you don't pry where you're told a no, and you're a great guy."

Hitoshi sighs as a response.

"Okay, listen to it like this, then." Yamada holds up his hand and starts listing things off. "He cooks for you, he respects you, he likes spending time with you, he sits in your lap, he gave you that expensive gift for your birthday, and he gave you that Christmas gift."

“We exchanged Christmas presents with all our friends.” Hitoshi elects to ignore that Yamada somehow knows Katsuki sits in Hitoshi’s lap. If he comments on it, it’ll make it suspicious.

Yamada scoffs. “You said he gave it to you later in the evening when no one else was around.”

Hitoshi doesn’t reply.

“It’s the most romantic day of the year. He wanted to give you a present with just the two of you there. I was surprised you didn’t say he kissed you after when you told us.”

The mushroom and onion on Hitoshi’s chopping board is left there when he walks out. He doesn’t stop by the living room, doesn’t glance at either of the three that sit there and stare after him as he walks to the front door, opens it, and leaves.

Only he can’t leave because both his cats are there and he doesn’t want to leave them even if he knows they’ll have a great time. He just needs to take some time, gather his thoughts, find a way not to overreact, and make sure his heart stops beating out of his chest before Yamada can hear it.

BLASTY • today at 17.54

blasty: You busy?

eyebags: depends

blasty: Can you talk? Text or otherwise? Do I have to break into your apartment to wrangle you from paperwork?

eyebags: m at aizawa and yamadas
eyebags: i think hantas home tho

blasty: Text it is then, or are you actually doing something with them?

eyebags: outside, wondering if i should just leave the gremlins here or take them home

blasty: What happened?

eyebags: u, technically
eyebags: but mostly i have two former teachers acting like my parents

blasty: You don't mind that, though

eyebags: shhhh, they cant know that

blasty: What happened? What does it have to do with me?

eyebags: asked about your tweet
eyebags: asked about u flirting with anyone
eyebags: then gave lots of reasons why it should be me

blasty: Why the fuck do they care?

eyebags: the same reason everyone else cares i guess
eyebags: yamada asked me if we were already dating and if i knew

blasty: They can go suck it

eyebags: u do realize that they have some points
eyebags: u constantly do things that would be flirting for others
eyebags: they also, somehow, know you like sitting in my lap

blasty: The fuck does that have to do with anything? And I don't like sitting in your lap.

eyebags: if u dont like y do u do it all the time?? U do it when there are other seats to sit in too
eyebags: also the flirtiy things r important when u dont do it with anyone else and it makes people question it

blasty: You make it sound like you want it to be you?

eyebags: I am just asking questions because everyone's asking me cause theyre fucking terrified of you

blasty: I'm not answering.

eyebags: then say y u wanted to talk in the first place

blasty: Can't I just want to talk to you?

eyebags: no

blasty: Why?

eyebags: cuz thats y people think were either already dating or its me u wanna date
eyebags: n i dont care about that if people werent for people shoving it into my face

blasty: What? You'd be fucking lucky if it was you

eyebags: I didn't fucking say I wouldn't. I even said I wouldn't mind, I just don't want people constantly telling me it is without actually listening. They don't fucking know what kind of friendship we have and they have absolutely no business with it either?
eyebags: the fuck did you have to go and tweet that? Has it even done you any good when u havent even started flirting with anyone????

blasty: Because I wanted advice or tips or whatever and I don't actually know what flirting looks like, or I didn't. I also didn't want you and those other idiots advice because you'd all just do exactly what you're doing now!
blasty: And I have started flirting with someone, they're just too fucking dense!

eyebags: i cant help you then
eyebags: good fucking luck

"Toshi." Eri's voice is quiet as she peeks her head out the door. "Dinner's ready."

Hitoshi sighs and smiles at her. "I'll be right in, okay?" he says. Relief washes through him when she closes the door. It gives him a few seconds to catch his breath and still his beating heart.

Why does it bother him so much? Why does Katsuki flirting with someone bother him when he keeps insisting it isn't him? He doesn't even have arguments when people share their reasonings, but it's driving him insane.

And it's worse that Katsuki hasn't actually realized what the consequences of his actions would be for his friends, and maybe

Hitoshi doesn't have to deal with the media, but the people he deals with have a lot better inside information and way better interrogating tactics.

It doesn't matter. He just needs to let it go and stop letting it bother him. It shouldn't bother him.

He takes a deep breath before he goes back into the apartment and decides to act like absolutely nothing's happening. He doesn't need their prying or their pity. He definitely doesn't need unsolicited advice.

Yamada mouths an apology when Hitoshi sits down. Aizawa and Eri sees, Mirio looks like he's trying not to notice the tension in the room. Hitoshi doesn't reply, only waits for someone to say something that can break the silence.

He does not want it to be him.

No one's touched the soba either.

"Hitoshi," says Eri, and it doesn't go unnoticed that Yamada gives her a stern look that she ignores. "You're supposed to take food first, and I'm hungry because I didn't have to eat Mirio's food. Could you hurry?"

Just because it's Eri who asks, Hitoshi takes one ladle's worth of soba (which picks up barely any noodles). He doesn't start to eat, only stares at it as he sees Eri lunge for the ladle to get food. Aizawa helps her.

The silence lasts until they're done eating. Mirio offers to do the dishes and clear the table, but Aizawa tells him no and stears both him and Eri away. All Hitoshi knows is that they go past the living room, which means Aizawa doesn't think whatever comes next is going to be a nice conversation.

"Shinsou," starts Yamada.

The use of Hitoshi's last name hurts. A sting deep in his gut he wasn't expecting. "Hitoshi," he says, just because he's not, at all, mad enough to have Yamada retort back to last names and another type of relationship between them.

Yamada nods. "Hitoshi," he says and takes a deep breath. "I'm sorry, okay? I didn't know it was a sensitive subject. I shouldn't have pried."

“It’s not a sensitive subject,” replies Hitoshi, a little too quickly to be believable. “I’m just sick of everyone asking the exact same thing, okay? I don’t want to hear about it anymore. I don’t understand why everyone wants to know about Katsuki’s love life? It’s really not that interesting.”

“I’m sorry.”

Hitoshi can feel the “but” from a mile away. He doesn’t prompt it.

“However,” he says, “I want you to consider how you’re reacting. Is there something you’re not telling us? You don’t have to, of course, I just care and would like to help.” He sounds so genuine, and caring, and everything Hitoshi wants from him, but it makes it really hard to yell.

Hitoshi would like to yell.

So, instead he keeps quiet until he finds a reason to.

“Do you want it to be you? Are you a little jealous? Are you just scared that Bakugou doesn’t trust you since he hasn’t told you? Or is it just your work that has you worked up?”

That was the last straw.

“No,” he bites out. “It’s nothing. Why would I want it to be me? Why the fuck would I be jealous? And of course he fucking trusts me, why… He… No.” Hitoshi falters. He hadn’t ever thought that it was lack of trust that made Katsuki not tell him, but now that it’s planted there along with his massive trust issues, he can’t shake the thought. But he can redirect the focus. “You don’t get to mention my work, okay? You have absolutely no idea what it entails and I don’t want to discuss that with anyone.”

“Of course, of course.” Yamada is way too calm for Hitoshi’s liking.

Why isn’t he shaking like Hitoshi? Why isn’t his heart beating so fast it drowns out his own thoughts? Why isn’t his head pounding, and the lighting hurting and everything too loud?

How the fuck can he be so fucking calm?

“I won’t ask again, okay? But I want you to talk to me if you need to. I’m always here for you, Toshi. And I think you’ll figure it out eventually, but take whatever time you need. You have all the time in

the world."

"Stop. Being. Reasonable." Hitoshi says each word as if it's dirt in his mouth. He says it through gritted teeth, not sure how long he can keep himself before he either screams or walks out without his cats—someone will either drop by his place with them or he'll pick them up in the morning.

"Okay," says Yamada. "Yell at me. With all you got. Tell me exactly why I am wrong and why it's none of my business. Because you're right and I need to hear it."

Hitoshi does the opposite and lies down with his head almost in the soba he hasn't eaten. "I'm exhausted," he says. All the fight drains out of him, his eyelids feel heavy, and he's certain sleep will come the second his head meets something soft.

It does after some uncountable time. Hitoshi doesn't notice anything but Yamada guiding him to the guest room and tucking him in. He'll say he's sorry tomorrow. He'll apologize. The world will right itself.

He'll apologize to Katsuki, too. He didn't deserve Hitoshi's frustration, or at least not all of it.

#TRENDING

1. #DynamightFlirting
2. #HeroDeku
3. #ArrestNumbers

Chargebolt, spiderman rules and 12 people liked:

HERO NEWS @heronews • 28m
Current #ArrestNumbers for the top heroes are discussed in this recent article [LINK] and, though Endeavor still leads, newly debut Dynamight is quickly rising the ranks. As far as popularity goes, his recent tweet shoots him far up the hero rankings, too.
4,237 retweets | 326 quote retweets | 7,986 likes
View all 275 replies

Shitty Nerd @heronerdanalystnr1 • 7h
as i see more and more discussing, both about the current dynamight tweet and arrest numbers i want to pay attention to the fact that underground heroes are not on that list and they would probs outrank all the other heroes
587 retweets | 64 quote retweets | 3,745 likes
View all 196 replies

> **DYNAMIGHT LIKES SOMEONE** @dynafanforreal
> *Replying to @heronerdanalystnr1*
> Honestly why would they matter? Arent they underground not to get attention??
>
> **mindblown** @dynamightmindfvck
> *Replying to @heronerdanalystnr1*
> THANK YOU ive been wanting to get underground heroes some recognition for so long other than the few news they get, like mindfvck is my idol and i want people to know the work they do

dynamightmeta

Does anyone else realize that the reason Dynamight has climbed up the ranks after debuting only a few months ago (which is also really early for a hero - though later than Hawks, i know), is only because he posted that one tweet that we wont ever get the result too? He hasn't posted a single tweet since, hes not been seen outside with anyone in particular, and none of his friends have made any indication there's anyone in his life (and i dont believe its chargebolt despite that herobuzz article)

Anyone else thinking it might just have been a pr stunt?

1,453 notes
#dynamight #dynamight thought #theres so many things i have questions about #i just want answers that i know ill never get #aaaa just answer us you idiot

The door to Katsuki's apartment is open.

It's weird, because it's second nature for Katsuki to turn the lock once he's stepped inside. He's also the guy who has one of the most expensive security systems to find in the world, and doesn't go to sleep unless the alarm is on—which means that he can move freely around the house, but any motion from either the front door or the balcony door will trigger it.

Katsuki didn't even sleep in Hitoshi's apartment until he and Hanta got a security system they could use during the night.

Hitoshi treads in carefully, without making a noise. The apartment is quiet, which makes the lack of a locked door even more suspicious. He takes off his shoes and walks quietly into the apartment.

He's only half-way there when the open door makes sense.

"Stand still, you brat."

Katsuki's mom is here.

It's rare for Hitoshi to find Katsuki with his mom, but it happens occasionally. One of the few things Katsuki does for extra press and more money (hero work does not pay that well, and it turns out that underground pays a little more just because they get compensation for what they're put through—Hitoshi was surprised, but he doesn't mind extra money, especially when he can't really do any press).

Katsuki is one of the few from their class with his own apartment. A lot of that is due to the fact that his parents are rich and they want to help him, some of it is also because he's been taking part in model work for his parents clothes since he was a kid and whatever he made from that, he put in a savings account (his parents did so until he became old enough to get access to it himself).

Now, not only does Katsuki benefit from the clothes and the press, but his parents benefit from having Pro Hero Dynamight as a model. According to Katsuki, their profit has gone up since his debut by a lot more than anticipated (and Katsuki is a shareholder in the company which means he makes money from it), but even just when Katsuki garnered attention during their school years and was seen wearing his parents clothes, did the profits raise.

Hitoshi has to admit he's a little jealous.

He's also a little annoyed that Katsuki's mom has to be here when he comes to apologize for blowing up over the phone. His frustration might be valid, but taking it out on Katsuki isn't necessarily so.

"You fucking pricked me," says Katsuki, just as Hitoshi steps into the living room.

They've shoved the table and the couch a little back to make room for a portable platform for Katsuki to stand on as his mom fits his clothing. She's currently going down his arm and lightly hits him in the head instead of replying. Her mouth is full of pins.

It's Mitsuki who sees Hitoshi first. She spots him from under Katsuki's arm, and tries for what Hitoshi has come to know is her smile. It's not *not* sweet, but Hitoshi has come to understand where Katsuki gets most of his smiles from.

It looks to Hitoshi like Katsuki is almost done, but he has absolutely no idea. Katsuki once tried to do a fitting for Hitoshi with his one suit to make it sit better, but Hitoshi got bored way too fast and he didn't learn a thing. There's probably more to do that he just doesn't know.

Mitsuki doesn't say anything until she's used up all the pins in her mouth. She takes a step back, looks at Katsuki and nods. "You can take a break," she says. "Five minutes."

"I'm taking ten and you can be lucky I even bother with this shit." Katsuki doesn't really have the patience for it either, as far as Hitoshi knows, but he also knows that the head of PR at Katsuki's agency lives and breathes for the fact that he does this when he barely does anything else for press.

It's a surprise to anyone that he's climbed so fast in so little time. He's the only one from both their class and the B class that's debuted as a pro and isn't still just a sidekick—aside from the few underground heroes, of course—and practically everyone's envious of the fact.

They should all just get better at nagging. That's what Katsuki did, and then he laid out all the reasons why he should debut early and his agency couldn't protest and say no. Hitoshi heard the presentation maybe five times before Katsuki held it, and he didn't know how they could argue.

"The fuck you doing here, Muppet Head?" asks Katsuki as he walks

past Hitoshi and to the kitchen. “I didn’t fucking invite you.”

“I’m not a vampire,” replies Hitoshi and follows after the blond. He completely ignores Mitsuki’s snickers as he leaves. The woman has been nagging Hitoshi to ask Katsuki out since the first time he met her, and with Katsuki’s tweet, it probably isn’t any better.

Katsuki pours himself a glass of water and leans against the kitchen counter. He stares at Hitoshi. “The fuck you doing here?”

“I’m sorry,” says Hitoshi. “I lashed out at you yesterday and you didn’t deserve that. I just wanted to say that. I can leave, if you want.” He doesn’t want to, though. It’s always a live show to watch Katsuki and his mom in the same room.

“You’re sorry? For what? For letting me know that I didn’t realize this shit had consequences for you, too?” Katsuki scoffs. “I should’ve realized, you know? That old hag in there’s been telling me to ask you out for years now and if she’s thought there’s something there in the few interactions we’ve had, no wonder all those other extras think so, too.”

Hitoshi blinks. He swallows, but his throat is dry and it kind of hurts. “I’m sorry?”

“Stop fucking saying that.” Katsuki’s hand sparks.

“I’m sorry.” That time was just to be an asshole and see the look of frustration on Katsuki’s face. “But you’re still not going to tell me? What about what kind of flirting you’ve done, and why they’re dense?”

“No, I won’t fucking tell you. If I tell you anything, you’ll know and I can’t fucking have that, okay?” Katsuki empties the entire glass of water in one go.

Hitoshi shoves a comment about it back down his throat. Instead he says, “because I’ll fuck it up?”

No reply.

“C’mon. Let me help, at least.” He sighs. “You seem miserable.”

There’s a long pause before Katsuki says anything. He just looks at Hitoshi for a long moment, eyes drawn together. The crimson color looks on fire, and Hitoshi almost expects some semblance of truth, but

all Katsuki says is,

“Don’t you have work soon?”

Hitoshi sighs. “In three hours. That doesn’t matter now, okay? It’ll just be some quirkless training and a four hour patrol. Easier than the other work I have.”

“So eat my food before I kick you out.” Katsuki steps closer to him and eyes the doorway before he adds, “and don’t put any fucking ideas into that old hag’s head, alright? She’s smart enough as it is.”

Not the most understandable thing Katsuki has ever said, but seeing as Mitsuki has, apparently, been telling both of them to ask each other out, maybe it’s for the better to tone things down a little.

Poll: who from class 3 (year 2XXX) do you think is Dynamight’s crush?

RED RIOT	28 %	10,139 votes
CELLOPHANE	3.3 %	1,195 votes
CHAREGBOLT	15.7 %	2,064 votes
INGENIUM	0.2 %	72 votes
DEKU	44 %	15,933 votes
PINKY	0.4 %	144 votes
SHOUTO	11 %	3,983 votes
URAVITY	0.1 %	36 votes
REEL STEEL	0.7 %	253 votes

PHANTOM THIEF	3.1 %	1,122 votes
OTHER	4.2 %	1,520 votes

Go back and vote

MONOMA • today at 12.03

monoma: hiiii toshi

eyebags: what do you want?

monoma: is that how u greet me?
monoma: no answer? Well too bad
monoma: just here to invite to a party on saturday, its my birthday, thought you should come

eyebags: cant come

monoma: u can bring a plus one
monoma: i dont mind the explosive boy there, maybe i can figure out who he likes

eyebags: no thank you
eyebags: im also working

monoma: too bad, but u can always come after
monoma: ur always welcome ;)

“Fucking stop doing that,” yells Katsuki and slaps away Hitoshi’s hand. “You’re just making it fucking worse. How’d you even manage this shit?”

Hitoshi shrugs. “Not that hard. Sparred a little with this idiot shit who didn’t wanna talk during a patrol.”

“What? So you didn’t see a fucking foot come for you head?” Katsuki pushes Hitoshi back against the counter, and instead of telling him to hop on, he lifts him onto it. It’s incredibly hot and Hitoshi really wishes he found it more rude instead. “Thought you knew how to fight.”

“I know how to fight.” He watches as Katsuki moves the first aid kit closer to where he placed Hitoshi. “I just don’t always know when to duck, apparently. Was kinda hoping for death.”

Katsuki rolls his eyes. He dips the cotton pad in rubbing alcohol and grabs Hitoshi’s face. “Sit still,” he says.

The moment the pad and alcohol hits the wound on Hitoshi’s forehead, he winces. Katsuki’s tight grip on his head is the only thing that keeps the pad from going into his eye.

“I said sit still.” Katsuki’s breath fans across Hitoshi’s face. It smells good, even if Hitoshi can’t say exactly what it smells like. It also has his heart hammer in his chest and makes him acutely aware of exactly how close they are.

“If I don’t?” Hitoshi winces. It’s supposed to hurt a little, that’s expected, but Katsuki has to press down to make it hurt like that. “Do you have to?”

Katsuki scoffs. “Fucking sit still and I won’t have to.” He pulls back and puts down the cotton pad. “It’s not fucking deep. Barely even a scratch.”

“Sure. Thanks.” Hitoshi nods. He can’t explain why, but for some reason he’s a little disappointed that Katsuki pulled back. The same kind of feeling at the thought of no longer spending so much time with him. Hitoshi shakes his head.

Of course, trying to get rid of the thought doesn’t work well when Katsuki strips the wound and Hitoshi’s face heats up at the touch. When his fingers fall away again, Hitoshi takes a deep breath and plasters a small smile on his face.

Katsuki glares at him. “Don’t smile. It looks fuckin’ weird.”

“Note taken.” Hitoshi looks at the space between them, noting the fact that he can’t jump from the counter since Katsuki still stands too close for that. “You wanna do something?”

“What? The same shit you do with the other idiots?”

“What shit do I do with the other idiots?”

“Gossip, watch lame movies, be stupid.”

Hitoshi cuckles. “Yeah, that sounds about right. What’d you wanna do then?”

“Don’t fucking know. You figure some shit out, as long as it’s not cleaning cat litter.” Katsuki still doesn’t move. He’s almost leaning back in, both hands on the counter and standing in between Hitoshi’s legs.

“You do that without me asking.”

“Don’t mean I fucking enjoy it.”

“Stop doing it then.”

“Fuck off.”

“Stop trying to win arguments by saying fuck off.” Hitoshi takes Katsuki’s head in his hands, pressing his cheeks together and says, with a baby voice, “it doesn’t work and you’re just making it obvious I always win.”

Katsuki doesn’t move or say anything, and Hitoshi is a little surprised when there’s no consequences for his actions. There rarely are whenever he does something Katsuki normally would react to, but he was kind of expecting it now.

“C’mon, we’re watching a movie.” Hitoshi pushes Katsuki a little away so he can hop off the counter, takes Katsuki’s hand in his, and drags him into the living room. “No complaining,” he says and pushes Katsuki down on the couch.

He’s about to walk to his chair when Katsuki grabs his arm and pulls him down. “Pillow,” is all he says as he lies down with his head in Hitoshi’s lap.

Hitoshi allows it. If only because they’re friends and Hitoshi doesn’t mind, and not because if he moves and Katsuki lies so he can see Hitoshi’s face, he’ll know all the conflicting thoughts going on inside his head. There’s no way the fact that Hitoshi’s heart is beating a mile a minute isn’t showing on his face.

At least the movie gives him a lot of time to think.

It has taken quite a lot for Hitoshi to make up his mind, but in the end, he still finds himself walking through the door into Monoma's apartment. He does not bring a gift, mostly out of utter disrespect for the blond, and he does not come with any friends.

To be honest, he's mostly there as a loud and alcohol included reprieve from his work. Turns out, if he finishes the needed paperwork and they give him the all clear, he can be going undercover in two weeks already and be gone for a minimum of two months. His agency thinks it'll end up becoming four or five and put a maximum of seven.

First of all, Hitoshi absolutely loathes going undercover in general because he has to do a lot of questionable shit he doesn't actually want to. Second of all, the longest he's ever been gone so far has been three months and those alone were utter hell. Third, he loathes the first few weeks after he's back which consists of a month off duty and almost daily therapy sessions afterwards.

At least, this time he doesn't have to dye his hair.

Those reasons are the only ones that make him come to Monoma's birthday party. He needs the alcohol, the loud music, and the absence of people he actually cares about. Of course, it turns out that Kendou, Aoyama, Shiozaki and Tokage are there. He wouldn't necessarily call any of them friends, but they do call him out on his bullshit and text him somewhat regularly.

Thankfully, Monoma has quite the need to please people and his kitchen richly provides the alcohol Hitoshi feels like pouring down his throat. He finds a vodka bottle with the seal intact and decides to walk around with it for the whole of the evening. It's not like Monoma can miss it when there's another five bottles still there, and that's just of the vodka.

He finds a quiet corner in the living room to stand in. He gets a view of most of the apartment there. He can see the balcony, the whole living room, and down the hallway —Hitoshi has no idea how big Monoma's apartment actually is.

“You came.”

And, of course, he’s seen.

Monoma looks exactly like how Hitoshi expects him to. An outfit that’s casual but dancing on the border of fancy, his hair exactly like it was in high school and definitely made to stay as put as it is, and his eyes popping out with the subtle hint of makeup. The smile on his face does not make Hitoshi any more excited to have been noticed.

“I didn’t think you would, you know?” Monoma brushes a hand up Hitoshi’s arm. “Thought you’d bring Bakugou, though. Where is your boyfriend?”

Hitoshi barely lifts an eyebrow as a response.

Monoma smirks. “Touchy subject? Is he not yet your boyfriend?” He leans in close. “Does it seem like it isn’t you he’s into?”

“Happy birthday, now will you fuck off?”

“No gift?” Monoma’s face falls, and then picks right back up again. “Or am I finally getting the one thing you’ve denied me all these years?” His hand finds a resting place at the small of Hitoshi’s back.

“No.” Hitoshi doesn’t move. Usually, that will only spur Monoma on. “I don’t have a gift.”

Monoma’s hand falls and a finger brushes by the waistband of Hitoshi’s pants. “Too bad,” he says, “it would’ve been a lot of fun.” His hand disappears, only leaving the ghost of a touch as Monoma walks away with a smirk and a wink.

It probably won’t be the last time during the night Hitoshi gets an unwanted encounter with Monoma, but at least it could’ve been a lot worse and lasted a lot longer.

All that’s left now is to get drunk.

BLASTY • today at 03.57

eyebags: u awkae??

blasty: Unfortunately, yes.

eyebags: u wanna be rlly niude??

blasty: Where are you?

eyebags: prty
eyebags: u cme???
eyebags: plsssssssssss

blasty: I'll pick you up and only because I don't trust you when you're drunk.

"Good, you're finally awake."

Hitoshi blinks rapidly at the bright light that hits his face. He tries, very hard, to not let it show that whoever spoke, sounded like they shouted. He can quickly tell he's out of luck when the duvet is ripped off of him.

"C'mon, get the fuck up."

It's Katsuki. That's Katsuki's voice.

However, Hitoshi has absolutely no recollection of how or why Katsuki is with him. He was at Monoma's party, and Katsuki was definitely not there.

Hitoshi does sit up. He regrets it because his head spins and whatever the pounding in his skull is, it only increases. Despite that, he doesn't lie back down.

"Drink this."

He's handed a cold glass. He downs it right away. Honestly, with how much pain he feels like he's in, he's not going to risk the chance of Katsuki somehow making it worse. When did he drink enough to get this wasted?

Silence falls over them for a long while. Hitoshi falls back down in the bed and sighs. Eventually, he finds himself opening his eyes, adjusting to the bright light that seeps in through the blinds and to the fact that

Katsuki is lying on the bed next to him.

He doesn't look very pleased.

"Tell me what the fuck you're thinking with."

Hitoshi swallows. "I don't know what you're talking about." His voice his hoarse and his throat feels like it's on fire.

"You don't?" Katsuki picks up his phone and shows it to Hitoshi. It's a tweet, to Hitoshi's private account that, unfortunately, still has its own share of followers—he doesn't really post and he knows who all of them are in real life so he might have been a little trigger happy with the accept button.

The tweet reads 'Bakugou Katsuki doesn't like you and that's okay. He doesn't like me, either.'

"Don't remember that." Hitoshi shakes his head. "I didn't write it." There's a small image in his mind of sitting in a car with his phone in hand. He thinks that might have something to do with it, but he can't fully recollect anything.

He can, however, feel his heart pounding against his ribcage. No matter how bad Katsuki's hearing is, he has to hear it too.

"Yeah?" Katsuki swipes at his phone. "What about this?"

It's a picture of a set of messages between Hitoshi himself and Katsuki. Hitoshi, after asking Katsuki to come to the party, asks if Katsuki can't tell him who he likes. It seems harmless, but Hitoshi has a feeling that there's more to it than just the messages.

"I'm sorry?" he says, but he sounds way too uncertain for Katsuki to accept it.

Katsuki shakes his head. "No, that doesn't work. You can't go get fucking drunk and then tell me you don't want me to like anyone because it would distrupt your fucking life." He gets up from the bed. "I don't fucking care what you think, but it's not going to change a whole fucking lot."

"What?" Hitoshi blinks. "I—I—What?" The pounding of his heart is no longer concentrated on his ribcage. He can feel it in his whole body. He's not sure if it's because he's hungover or because he's *that* nervous.

“You’re an absolute idiot and I am so happy you’re this fucking hungover. God, I should’ve just left you.” Katsuki throws the phone at the bed. “You’re an idiot. There’s food in the kitchen if you’re hungry. I’m not gonna be here.”

Hitoshi tries to sit up. “I… Katsuki!”

“Get over your hangover and then we can talk.” Katsuki’s face is murderous. “I have work.”

With that, Hitoshi is left alone in Katsuki’s bedroom. He feels crappy. No matter what he said or did in his drunken stupor, it has to have been bad and he knows he needs to apologize. Katsuki has never reacted like that before. It’s almost scary.

In this exact moment, with a raging headache and the inability to even sit up in bed without wanting to throw up, Hitoshi decides that it’s not as important as sleeping a little more and hoping most of the hangover is gone by the time he wakes up.

If Katsuki went to work, Hitoshi should have about ten hours to get better before he comes home and they have to talk. Hitoshi will just have to try and jog his memory in the meantime.

THE HUSH HUSH CHAT • today at 16.03

eyebags: did i send anything here last night??

piiinky: one tiny little confessioni screenshotted and that u then deleted around maybe 2 am. Y u asking??

eyebags: did any1 else see it??

piiinky: not that i know of
piiinky: its enough so that theyd all talka bit it
piiinky: ochako knows tho

eyebags: ofc
eyebags: can you send that screenshot to me, pm??

piiinky: sure can do babe

ACID QUEEN • today at 16.13

acid queen: screenshot.jpg
acid queen: here u go babe

eyebags: thx

acid queen: wanna talk about it??
acid queen: i dont have work in another four hours

eyebags: im good
eyebags: did i do anything else last night??

acid queen: not that im aware of
acid queen: u got that drunk huh? Good party??

eyebags: dont remember much of it so idk

Is it weird that I don't actually want Blasty to like someone?

With a lot less grammar and some weird add-ons about alcohol, that's essentially the text he'd sent the group chat whilst he was wasted beyond reason and apparently willing to share the weird thoughts floating through his head.

Hitoshi knows, deep inside, that it's selfish to think that way. That his gut knots up at the thought of Katsuki liking someone. That he's nervous whenever it's brought up, but in a way he can never actually explain. That he really wishes Katsuki just didn't like someone so that he wouldn't have to feel all of this.

It's guilt that crawls over his skin when Katsuki's front door opens and closes. He's cooked—to the best of his abilities. He went back home to his own place to make sure his cats were okay (Hanta had filled up their bowls and has been the best roommate Hitoshi could ask for), and picked up a little something he'd originally intended to give Katsuki for his birthday, but that he chickened out when there were so many other people who'd see what it was.

Now he's nervous and scared to see that Katsuki is still angry. And to

be honest, the hangover isn't completely gone yet, but it's a whole lot better than it was this morning. His heart trying to beat its way out of his chest, isn't.

It takes a lot longer for Katsuki to arrive at the kitchen than Hitoshi expects. The wait is excruciating. First of all, he's not exactly sure how to apologize just yet. Second of all, he's not sure exactly how to explain his feelings without sounding like an absolute jerk that will get kicked out of the apartment. Third, he's really wishing he'd asked anyone else to pick him up last night.

He really just wants to get the whole thing over with.

"You cooked?" Katsuki stops in the doorway. He raises his brows and shakes his head. "If it tastes like shit, I'm kicking you out."

"It tastes good. Not you good, but good enough." Hitoshi scratches at his neck and looks down at his feet. He can still feel Katsuki's gaze on him, but for once, he has an excuse to look elsewhere.

He turns around before either of them say anything else. It's not a fancy dinner exactly, but it's something Hitoshi has made often enough that he knows Katsuki likes it and that he needs to royally fuck something up to make it not be a decent meal. So, he fixes their plates and carries them to the set dining table.

He's already fixed with something to drink. And Katsuki's gift sits off to the side of the table where it's not in the way.

"You've really gone all the way, huh?" asks Katsuki as he sits down. He glances at the plastic bag to their side, but doesn't mention it.

Hitoshi's heart beats like crazy. He does not understand how Katsuki can be this calm, and yet make Hitoshi feel the anger radiate off of him. It's another superpower; the ability to make you so nervous you quake in your boots before he's even lifted a finger. Hitoshi is glad he isn't a villain because meeting Katsuki as one would be dreadful.

They eat in silence. Katsuki doesn't once comment on the food, but Hitoshi didn't expect him to. The silence lasts even after their plates are empty and their glasses are empty. Hitoshi doesn't want to break the silence, but he knows that Katsuki won't break it either, and unfortunately, Katsuki's is more stubborn.

"I'm sorry." Hitoshi tries to sound as sincere as possible. He really is sorry, but just saying the words never feel like enough. "I still don't

know exactly what I said or what I did, but I do know that I said some stupid shit and you never should've heard it. I'm really sorry. I don't want to hurt you."

Katsuki chuckles. Not the amused kind that Hitoshi enjoys hearing, but the disappointed kind that he loves when directed at others, and is absolutely terrified of when directed at him. "You're sorry?" he asks.

"Ye—"

"You're sorry because you said something stupid?" Katsuki gets up from his seat. "You *should* be fucking sorry. You get drunk at some stupid party, ask me to pick you up and my thanks is you telling me you don't want me to get together with whoever I like because it will have an effect on *your* life. Because it will make *your* life different."

There's a pause. Hitoshi doesn't dare speak.

"And then, when I say that's your fucking problem because I don't care what effect *my* love life has on you, you go and tweet that I don't like you." There's fire in Katsuki's eyes now. "Unfortunately, it doesn't stop there. Because you then decide to pester me about who I like and who it is and when I don't say anything, you tell me you wish I didn't like anyone. That you wish this had never happened because it's got some stupid consequences for you."

Hitoshi takes a deep breath. He's ready to say I'm sorry over and over again when he lets it out, but he doesn't get the chance.

Katsuki isn't done.

"I don't fucking care how hard this must be for you. I don't fucking care that you think it'll turn your whole life upside down if I get together with someone. I don't fucking care what you think you're entitled to. You have no idea how much I regret that tweet. You have no idea the amount of messages I get everyday, from strangers, from my coworkers, from my friends. You were the only one who didn't pester, who asked the little I expected because you're a fucking asshole, but you know when to stay out of it. Or at least I thought you did."

It's like Hitoshi's whole world has turned upside down.

There's tears running down Katsuki's face. Hitoshi can no longer say anything, but he knows to get up from his seat and pull Katsuki into his arms. He knows to hold on tightly, to use all the strength he has to

crush Katsuki because it's the kind of hugs he likes.

Relief washes over him when Katsuki's arms snake around and he buries his head in Hitoshi's chest. He can feel his shirt getting wet, but he doesn't care. All he cares about is the fact that Katsuki is hurting and that hurts him.

He can give the present later. When Katsuki no longer needs him close, and then Hitoshi only has one thing to do and that is yell at all of their friends.

For the first time in his life, Hitoshi is awake before Katsuki.

It's not for lack of trying, really. Hitoshi just has a skewed sleep schedule that has him sleep from three to eight in the morning instead of Katsuki's nightmare ridden sensible schedule of going to bed at nine thirty and waking up at five in the morning.

The clock reads 8.31 now. Katsuki is still sound asleep.

Guilt lies deep inside Hitoshi's gut. He may not be the worst, or amongst the ones who pester and ask every day, but drunk him crossed a line. Drunk him pestered and became worse than everyone else because he said the thought that sober Hitoshi never managed to figure out.

He doesn't want Katsuki to like anyone.

He doesn't know why that is, but the fact that he managed to tell Katsuki something that stupid is beyond him. Even if he feels that way, Katsuki shouldn't ever have heard it.

So, Hitoshi decides to do the decent thing. He's supposed to work from home today, get familiar with the rest of his case, go over the same things he's been reading for over a week. However, he can always make up for that later. He'll be available during the usual time he is, but it's Katsuki's day off and Hitoshi will show him how sorry he is.

He starts by making breakfast. Around ten, he wakes Katsuki and tells him there's food ready. After breakfast, he asks if there's anything Katsuki wants to do, and is relieved when the answer is a quiet day on

the couch. The watch a movie, and another movie, and order some takeout for a late lunch. Katsuki cooks dinner himself and asks Hitoshi to do anything else but be in the kitchen. Hitoshi respects it and tries to figure out how to give Katsuki the gift he meant to give yesterday.

In the end, as their plates are empty after dinner, Hitoshi just pushes the plastic bag with the wrapped gift towards Katsuki.

“The fuck is this?” asks Katsuki and pulls the wrapped box out of the bag. He studies it and looks at Hitoshi before he even tries to prod at the paper.

Hitoshi’s heart beats loudly in his chest. His hands shake, and he has to swallow a lump that won’t go away before he speaks. “It was supposed to be a birthday gift, but I didn’t want you to open it in front of everyone and I had two gifts so I kind of forgot about it and thought maybe I could wait ‘til Christmas, but then I acted really stupidly and I… This is the best apology I can make.”

“I’ve already forgiven you, you idiot.”

“Thanks, but you’re still opening that gift.” Hitoshi sounds a lot more confident than he feels. He knows Katsuki doesn’t hold it against him, but that doesn’t mean the guilt will vanish anytime soon. Nor the feeling that he needs to know *why* he feels like he does, because it’s driving him mad to not even know why it bothers him.

Katsuki rolls his eyes and starts carefully ripping at the paper. It takes forever before the box starts to become visible. When it does, the surprise can be seen in Katsuki’s eyes. As far as Hitoshi knows, he’s only mentioned the item once and just as a small ‘one day I’ll have time and buy the small, expensive things for myself’.

Katsuki definitely has the money, but he rarely indulges in the few things he wants for his kitchen, but doesn’t need. So, Hitoshi found and bought a Mauviel Copper Butter Heater—which, according to Katsuki, has such specific uses that there’s no real need for it.

“The fuck you playing at?”

Hitoshi frowns. He gets that maybe it’s not too weird to buy him that and he could’ve definitely given Katsuki that for his birthday, but it was expensive and so niche he felt everyone would look at him. Attention he didn’t need, and especially not now (after a tweet that came only a week or so after Katsuki’s birthday).

The chair squeaks against the floor as Katsuki gets up. He gets up so fast that it topples over and crashes to the floor, but Katsuki doesn't seem to care. He walks over to Hitoshi, drags him up by the collar of his shirt and pulls him into a hug. It feels a lot better than the hug they had last night when all Katsuki did was sob into his shirt.

"Thank you," whispers Katsuki in his ear.

"You're welcome."

They pull out of the hug, but not very far. There's only a few inches of space between them as Katsuki looks up at Hitoshi. Something flashes in those red eyes, something lies behind the genuine, small smile that paints a pretty picture on Katsuki's lips, something has Katsuki's face drop and him stop holding onto Hitoshi.

Disappointment courses through Hitoshi as he loses the touch. He can't pinpoint why, but it doesn't matter because Katsuki starts to turn away and clean up after himself. The wrapping paper and the box sitting on the dining table.

Hitoshi finds his manners and helps with the dirty dishes.

After doing the dishes, they settle back on the couch for another movie. Katsuki sits in the crook of Hitoshi's arm and plays with the hand that falls into his lap. Hitoshi misses absolutely everything happening in the movie. Instead, his head spins around trying to figure out his thoughts.

It's not until he's settled on the couch and completely lost Katsuki's touch that realization dawns on him.

ANNOYING PINK LADIES • today at 03.41

eyebags: i think i have a problem

ANNOYING PINK LADIES • today at 07.38

pinkladynr1: aaaaa i think i know what this means
pinkladynr1: but i will not jump to conclusions

pinkladynr2: toshi toshi toshi

eyebags: either of u guys free later today??

pinkladynr1: i am and chako is too
pinkladynr1: originally a date night, but we can do that later

eyebags: no im not gonna interrupt
eyebags: i kno u dont have those a lot anymore

pinkladynr2: no toshi this seems important

eyebags: it can always wait or i can talk to someone else

pinkladynr2: talk to hanta okay? Or izuku

pinkladynr1: well talk okay
pinkladynr1: four days from now, i have the time off and i know u do too toshi
pinkladynr1: chakos free too so it fits

eyebags: awesome

Chapter 3

Chapter Notes

i wanted to update weekly and suddenly its been three weeks since i posted chapter two, but here's chapter three aka the end. I am sorry for it being later than planned, but ive been moving and uni starts soon and oddly enough i have things happening irl

anyways, i really hopy you enjoy this story as much as i have. i really love these two and even if i dont post often anymore, i'll probably always come back to these two either way.

also theres another chat in this one with different chat names. most of them are obvious but ill put it here anyways:
Superheroes:

charger = kaminari
tape = sero
acid = mina
bomb = bakugou
earphones = jirou
gravity = uraraka
brain = shinsou

“No, no, no.” Ochako talks fast from somewhere inside the apartment. “Mina, c’mon. It’s not an intervention.”

Hitoshi follows her voice and finds himself in Mina’s and Ochako’s living room. They’ve put cookies and coffee on the coffee table. Mina is standing on the backrest of the couch trying to hang something from the ceiling, and Ochako is, seemingly, trying to pull her down without hurting her.

“Do I actually want to know the answer?” asks Hitoshi.

“Toshi, you’re here.” Ochako gives up her attempt and instead tackles him in a hug. “I’m sorry, Mina wanted to hang up a banner that said ‘Congratulations’, but I thought it was tacky. I’ve been trying to get her down from there for like, thirty minutes.”

Mina scoffs. “I’m sorry for finding it amazing he’s finally realized what the rest of us know.”

“We didn’t know.”

“We kinda did, though.”

“You thought he was aromantic for like three years.”

Hitoshi sighs and shakes his head. “Do you actually want to help, or do you want to just discuss me without me?” He sits down on the couch and pours himself a cup of coffee. It’s decent enough that he drinks it.

“We are doing no such thing.” Mina slides down to sit next to him. “But sure, we can include you in the conversation. Wanna start us off?”

“Where?”

“When did you realize it?” asks Ochako.

He takes a deep breath. For some reason, it feels like he realized it a long time ago, but he couldn’t actually name the feeling until just a few days ago. Neither answer feels entirely correct. “A few days ago. When I texted you.”

“And how did you realize it?”

“I missed his touch.” Hitoshi’s heart beats loudly, drums in his ears. He can still feel the ghost of touch where Katsuki played with his hand on Monday. “We, uhm, cuddled on the couch while watching a movie. And, uh, he played with my hand. But I slept on the couch and it just… It felt like he was missing.”

Both Mina and Ochako look like they’re ready to start ‘aww’ing at him, which is something Hitoshi would rather they didn’t.

“I’ve been told by, mostly the same people over and over again, that it’s probably me he likes. But… He told me that he’s already started to flirt with someone, only they’re too dense to notice.”

Mina intertwines her fingers with his and squeezes his hand. “Aww, and you think you would’ve noticed if it was you, right?” She leans her head on his shoulder. “Well, you can be dense.”

He rolls his eyes. “Very funny. How do I know, though? I don’t want

to ruin whatever friendship we have just because I realized that I like him. Like, romantically."

"We'll help." Ochako hands him a cookie. "Tell us about interactions you have with him, screenshot your texts, anything we can decipher. We'll try to help you figure it out."

"Totally, we'll help you as best as we can." Mina smiles warmly at him. "I will state, though, that I'm like ninety-eight percent certain it is you."

"Sure."

Mina shakes her head. "You're just in denial."

"How?! I just admitted that I like him."

"Somehow, that's still denial." She shrugs. "I don't make the rules."

"Why are we friends?"

Mina grins. "You love me."

"Not on purpose." He smiles. Even if Mina is a serious pain in his ass at times, he doesn't know what he'd do without her. Or Ochako, who usually manages to either rein Mina's crazy in, or somehow double it.

SUPERHEROES • today at 19.03

charger: okay but you guys, i need some serious help
charger: i neeeed some help right now!!!

tape: w what??

charger: i may have been a tiny bit drunk n invited mido ovber
charger: n he said yes

acid: why is that a problem??? uve wanted this forever??

charger: he said fucking yes, that not okay
charger: my hopes r up and my heart is not okay
charger: also i have neither food or any idea what to do

bomb: Watch a movie and buy in ingredients for katsudon. He'd love to cook with you and then eat it together.

charger: i cannot believe its the flirting king who gives actual advice
charger: is the replies to the tweet working??

bomb: It wasn't worth it.

charger: i couldve told u that, but like, any gold advice?

earphones: havent u scoured the whole thing already??
earphones: was sure ud read every reply?? If not for urself at least to figure out who Kat likes

charger: i gave up
charger: its been like three weeks and theres just more and more replis every time

gravity: he likes romance movies, good food, talking about things hes interested in, and he liked cuddles. Hes really touch starved

charger: tell me more
charger: @*brain* u tooo!!! now

brain: i have absolutely nothing to add to this conversation

bomb: Even I know that that isn't true.

brain: i have absolutely nothing to add to this conversation that i havent agreed not to tell anyone

acid: he knos something

charger: now u fuckign have to tell
charger: cmon hell be here in like 15 min and i dont have time to get katsudon groceries and i definitely dont want to cook now, i was thinking take out

brain: he likes takeout, dont worry

gravity: ull be fine denks its okay, hes not that scary

charger: its scary when youve been in love with someone for three years

brain: tell him that then. nothing you can do else will really be that scary

tape: yeah use ur words like other people here wont

brain: thats mean

tape: use ur fucking words then man, and i wotn have to call u out in a groupchat

brain: rude

charger: am i the only one thinking that was about blasty n not shin when he said that

earphones: no definitely not

charger: okay good bc i thought i was losing my mind
charger: but WAIT THSI MEANS U LIKE SOMEONE TOSHI??? AND U HAVENT TOLD ME????????

brain: no comment

acid: thats the same as a yes, babe
acid: for sure thought ud told him

tape: yh me too

THE HUSH HUSH CHAT • today at 19.34

eyebags: i absolutely hate you
eyebags: but *@piiikapiiika* i like….

piiikapiiika: ure gonna leave me haning like this??????

jiiirou: oh this makes so much sense now

piiikapiiika: how??? How does any of this make any sense?????

eyebags: ur definitely smarter than this denks

piiikapiiika: obvi im not
piiikapiiika: someone is at my door its mido dont leave me hanging

jiiirou: use that one braincell u have and think what chat were in right now

piiikapiiika: OOOOOHHHHHHHH
piiikapiiika: no ur kidding me
piiikapiiika: n i only find out now?? and i have to go??? I am calling u when mido leaves

eyebags: please dont

Dynamight @DynamightOfficial • May 2
How the fuck do you flirt?
549k retweets | 15.2k quote retweets | 3.8M likes
View all 23,789 replies

> **it could be me right??** @DynamightGroupie
> *replying to @DynamightOfficial*
> so, like, i like posters, life size dolls, touch, quality time. Uhm, probably would love a sex toy, like can never get enough. And if dynamight themed, yes please
>
> **Hopeless Romantic** @bumblebee287
> *replying to @DynamightOfficial*
> I love love and i love u so this is kinda cute honestly. I suggest being blunt, it seems your style, but if youre trying to avoid rejection, i suggest small things. Subtle. A touch here and there, a gift, paying for their coffee just because
>
> **[butterfly emoji]** @bloombox
> *replying to @DynamightOfficial*
> Watch a movie together. Inch closer and closer to them. Eventually put your hand on their thigh. If they dont care, its impossible to say, but usually if they dont like you they will remove it and if they like you, they will look at it and make some facial expression or shift how they sit bc it does things. Cant fail

For some bizarre reason, Hitoshi decided to take Denki's advice.

Yesterday, or technically today considering it was around two in the

morning, Denki had called. First he told, with great detail, everything that happened between him and Izuku (a success apparently, they're unofficially dating—to no one's surprise and especially not Hitoshi's because Izuku had texted him about a minute before Denki called to tell him that the feeling's mutual. Two dumbasses right there).

After his story, Denki asked about Hitoshi and Katsuki. He suggested cooking because it's Katsuki's favorite hobby. *"Join him grocery shopping, and make sure you're actually helping him and doing it together. Get him to show you how to cut properly and stuff."*

Hitoshi has to admit, not the worst idea Denki has ever had. However, he didn't exactly expect Katsuki to say yes when he suggested it.

Now, from suggesting it about the second Katsuki was done with work and came to Hitoshi's apartment, they're in the grocery store and that's their dinner plans (or night food plans because it's about nine already).

The real reason that the plan isn't really ideal is that Katsuki is really bossy and *especially so* when in a grocery store. They go a specific route throughout the store, and the cart has designated spaces for everything (and the moment Hitoshi thinks of something and tries to walk away, Katsuki takes his arm and drags him back and gives him a pen to write it down with instead).

It's torture.

Yet Hitoshi is right there.

Warmth spreads through his body, feeling like he sweats like crazy and that not only should it be visible but it should smell really fucking bad. He has absolutely no idea what his heart is doing, but pumping blood is probably not the correct answer. He keeps trying to swallow a lump in his throat that somehow always pops up with the same urge to just shout how much he likes Katsuki. He is going crazy.

And he just knows that it'll get worse when they get back to the apartment and they're going to start cooking. Hitoshi is so fucking grateful Hanta has a night shift today.

It's nine thirty by the time they're back. Hitoshi doesn't know what they're making, but he does note that Katsuki bought wine. He also notes that Katsuki probably bought a lot more groceries than

necessary because he's pretty sure half of the ingredients don't really work together.

However, Hitoshi knows very little about fancy cooking.

"What are we making?" Hitoshi looks from the ingredients on the counter to Katsuki.

"It's a surprise. Can you hand me the wine?"

Hitoshi frowns, but he does as asked. He's unsure exactly what the intention is when Katsuki pours them a glass each. The entire thing feels more and more like a date the longer it lasts and Hitoshi doesn't know how to feel about it.

For all he knows, it's just Katsuki being comfortable with him.

Katsuki hands him a glass. "We'll chop all the ingredients first. I'll show you the right size before you cut anything."

"Are you going to yell at me if it's not all perfectly even sizes? Because we both know I don't know how to do that." He sips his wine. He feels awkward. He's never felt awkward around Katsuki before. He doesn't like it.

Maybe alcohol is a really good idea.

"I'm not going to fucking yell." Katsuki sighs. "But I will if you're gonna make stupid comments."

"What exactly counts as a stupid comment?"

"That."

Hitoshi chuckles. "So, anything I say?"

"Yeah, any word that comes out of your stupid mouth is a stupid comment."

"Note taken." Hitoshi takes a lager sip of his wine. He hopes the alcohol does its thing and rids him of all this nervous energy. "But you're not expecting that we're cooking together and that it'll be in silence like usual, right?"

"You don't fucking know how to shut up," replies Katsuki. He's grinning, though. "But no, I don't. You're gonna tell me what the fuck Denki said about his date with the shitty nerd."

Hitoshi fakes shock. “Oh, so you’re interested in that, huh? Figures you’re obsessed.”

Katsuki hits him lightly in the back of the head. “But first, we’re gonna start cutting.” He finds two chopping boards, two knives, and a bunch of bowls. “I’ll show you first. If you can’t do it without me, I’ll show you the fucking motion, too. But you’re not that bad. Right?”

“Absolutely no faith in me.”

“Never given me any reason to.”

Katsuki first shows Hitoshi how to cut. When he’s satisfied with Hitoshi’s cutting, he starts on an ingredient of his own. There’s a stark difference between the two of them. As Hitoshi tells everything Denki told him, Katsuki cuts about five different ingredients, and Hitoshi is at one and a half. He’s at the second ingredient, but about half of the needed amount is still left.

And that is with Katsuki stopping to show him how to do it.

Somehow, he still does it wrong.

“No, fuck. You’re cutting it wrong.” Katsuki puts down his knife and looks at Hitoshi’s hands. “Look,” he says and gently puts his hand over Hitoshi’s. “Just let me lead you through the motion and you’ll get it, okay?”

“Okay,” says Hitoshi, as if the feeling of Katsuki’s hand on top of his isn’t sending his brain into a frenzy. He short circuits and lets Katsuki move his hands for what feels like forever and yet too short. He watches as their hands move, but he cannot think about anything but the heat searing into his skin where Katsuki touches him.

“There, you should know how to fucking do it now.” Katsuki lets go.

“I don’t.” Hitoshi’s mouth really has a mind of its own sometimes. He smiles sheepishly. “We can cut it together?” The absolute least confident he has ever felt.

It does not help his heart or fried brain or the way his whole body feels like it's on fire because of Katsuki’s touch, that Katsuki says yes. That he decides to settle in front of Hitoshi, between his arms and then clasp his hands around Hitoshi’s to start the motion.

How long they stand like that, Hitoshi has no idea. He does know that

they stand there for longer than Katsuki actually cuts anything, and that they continue to stand like that for at least five minutes before Katsuki lets go of his hands and tells him to let go of the knife.

Hitoshi is almost disappointed, but then Katsuki moves his own cutting board and, though he doesn't use Hitoshi's hands, he cuts the rest of the ingredients like that. With Hitoshi behind him; Katsuki's back pressed into Hitoshi's chest.

It is excruciating.

Pain and wonder flows through Hitoshi. He doesn't know how to react, doesn't know if this is some kind of a sign he should see but he's too dense to notice. Or if this is just Katsuki's way of affection even if they're just friends.

Hitoshi has no idea.

Which is why, the moment Katsuki says they're done cutting ingredients, Hitoshi downs the rest of his wine glass and bolts saying he has to pee. He does kind of have to pee, but he mostly uses the opportunity to text his group chat with Mina and Ochako. Hopefully, they have something useful to add to the situation.

He paces the bathroom for a good five minutes without an answer, and decides he needs to just hit the call button. He is reminded, though, that he isn't sure if either of them actually has the time to talk to him.

"Shinsou Hitoshi, I have a shift in five hours, I am trying to sleep. Why the fuck are you calling me?" comes Ochako's voice from the other end.

"I just spent the last, I don't know how long, minutes, hours, in the kitchen with Katsuki chopping ingredients for dinner and when he was going to help me he held my hands to help me with the motion and then he moved away and then I said I did it wrong and he moved so that he stood in front of me and continues and then, when we were done with that ingredient, he just continued to stand there with his back against my chest and then the moment we didn't have any more ingredients I ran to the bathroom," replies Hitoshi, talking as he both inhales and exhales, and so fast he's barely sure what he said the moment he's done.

He takes a deep breath before he adds, "also there was wine."

"Wow, that went fast." Uraraka chuckles. *"Are you on a date?"*

“Not specified.”

“Okay, with you two that means neither of you think it is one. Anything else?”

“Uhh, we went grocery shopping together. I can’t see how that’s relevant.”

“Alright, gimme a second. Let’s see. Uhuh, okay. Yes, here it is.”

“Here what is? Ochako, don’t stop talking to me now.”

It’s quiet. Way too quiet. And before Ochako can say anything, there’s a knock on the bathroom door and Katsuki asking if everything’s fine.

“Okay, so there’s a—”

“I’m fine,” replies Hitoshi, “I’ll be back in a minute. Just continue without me, okay?” God, why does his heart beat so fucking fast? The hand holding the phone shakes, and his breaths are uneven and he’s pretty sure Katsuki should hear all that through the door.

But the reply of, “just get your ass back to the kitchen” doesn’t really feel like he knows.

“Oh, God. I’m sorry. He was at the door, wasn’t he? How long have you been in the bathroom?”

“About fifteen minutes or so, I don’t know. Just hurry up,” he whispers into the phone. He doesn’t think he’s been this stressed since the day before he got his hero license.

“Well, I found a photo of the two of you in a grocery store taken well, about an hour and a half ago or something. Based on that, you were on a date during the grocery store, too. Also the caption is asking if you’re the one he wants to flirt with but you’re already dating, so…”

Hitoshi wants to scream. “No help. You’re no help.”

“Babe, it's you. Just flirt with him. Touch him more than usual. I don’t know, fucking pin him against the wall and make out with him.”

“I am not doing that. I’m hanging up. Sorry about waking you.”

“It’s fine. I’m a great sleeper, I’ll just fall right back asleep.”

“I hate you.”

“Love you, too. Good luck.”

Talking to Ochako did not help. Hitoshi was somewhat prepared for that, but he was not prepared for the fact that whatever nervous energy has entered his body won’t leave. It feels like his whole body is shaking on the inside, and he knows that if he was sitting down, his leg would bounce uncontrollably.

It's been up to twenty minutes now since Hitoshi left for the bathroom, but he doesn’t care. He just needs another minute or two. One of those, he uses to splash his face with cold water.

It does not have the desired effect; to calm him down. Instead, it makes the tip of some of his hair wet.

In the end, Hitoshi realizes he just has to leave the bathroom and talk to Katsuki. Act as normal as possible and the idiot won’t know what’s up and Hitoshi can hope that he can get away with acting weird.

Hitoshi cannot get away with acting weird.

The first thing Katsuki does once Hitoshi enters the kitchen again is corner him to one of the counters where there's a wall on both sides and stare him down. Hitoshi would complain, but Katsuki is close and those red, piercing eyes are mesmerizing.

His heart beats loudly, and his palms are sweaty, but Katsuki doesn’t know that. Katsuki *can’t* know that.

“What the fuck is wrong with you?” Katsuki’s voice is harsh. Not in an angry way, but in an ‘why aren’t you telling me things? I thought you trusted me’ kind of way. Which isn’t really any better than the angry.

Hitoshi swallows. “Nothing?”

“Bullshit.” Katsuki takes a step back, giving Hitoshi a little breathing space to collect his thoughts. “Does this have anything to do with you liking someone?”

After revealing that in the groupchat, Hitoshi knew it would come up sooner or later. It’s sooner rather than later, though, and Hitoshi was really hoping he’d have a little more time to figure out how to answer without either confessing or lying.

Can’t have everything you want.

He drags a hand through his hair. Twice. He sighs, purses his lips, and opens his mouth. Nothing comes out. He really should've thought about this earlier. He knew it would come up, why wouldn't he figure out what to say. Now that he thinks about it, he could've said no and that would've been a sufficient answer, but now it's been too long and Katsuki already knows that's exactly what's up.

Hitoshi expects more questions. Anything that will make sense, but Katsuki steps back and away and towards their slowly cooking dinner (which Hitoshi had practically forgotten about in his stress).

The silence lasts long. Hitoshi stares at Katsuki until his breathing evens out. Until his palms no longer feel like they sweat, and his heart returns to its normal rhythm. He doesn't dare break the silence.

"When'd you realize?" Katsuki does, apparently.

"Monday, Tuesday night. The… the night between Monday and Tuesday." Hitoshi stumbles over his words. He doesn't know what questions to expect, he doesn't know… anything. He can't read Katsuki at all, and the fact that there's nothing to tell if Katsuki is dejected or indifferent or just trying to hide whatever emotions the news does have on him, makes Hitoshi all the more scared.

At least, if there was some kind of emotion to read, Hitoshi would have a better grasp on whether it really is him Katsuki likes, or if it's someone else.

Katsuki nods. "Got a shot?"

Hitoshi grimaces. "Don't know." Somehow, the question eases the tension in his body. It makes all of it seem less scary, less daunting, and not so hopeless should Katsuki actually like someone else.

He really hopes Katsuki doesn't like someone else.

"It'll get easier." Katsuki turns away from him to the cooking pot on the stove. "First days are usually the hardest, trying to come to terms with it, figuring out the next step. And then, you just have to decide whether it's worth something or if it's something to throw out the window."

Not exactly the way Hitoshi would put it, but it works.

"Thanks," he says. "I think it's worth something."

There's a tug of a smile at the edge of Katsuki's lips. "If you need any tips, there's a tweet out there with a bunch of 'em."

A joke. Katsuki made a joke.

And Hitoshi laughs. Albeit, a quiet one, but he laughs nonetheless and moves closer to Katsuki to help him. It's enough to relieve him of some of his nervous energy and get the courage to try whatever Ochako mentioned. Not pushing him against a wall and making out, but small, subtle touches here and there, and maybe, if he's feeling brave, he'll up the flirting a little bit.

His heart still beats loudly, but now, it feels good.

DYNAMIGHT'S CRUSH?

DYNAMIGHT SEEN LAST NIGHT GROCERY SHOPPING WITH MYSTERY MAN

Tokyo, 26th of May, 2XXX

By Akiyama Takeshi | HEROBUZZ

About an hour after being seen on the streets working, Pro Hero Dynamight [number 43; age 23] was seen grocery shopping with a mystery man. A fan saw the two of them walking down the aisle arm in arm, and says that they saw what they can only describe as flirting.

The mystery man has now been identified as Shinsou Hitoshi (22), a former classmate of Dynamight from his time at Yuuei, but who was rejected a hero license due to the nature of his quirk. After seeing the picture, fans are asking if Dynamight's tweet was simply a means to get better at flirting after starting to date Shinsou, or if it's taken so little time from the tweet was posted until the two realized their feelings.

HEROBUZZ *reached out to both men about a comment surrounding their relationship. We have received no answer from either, but…*

[CLICK TO READ MORE]

chargeriot reblogged from **dynamightnews**

[photo]

[Image Description: Dynamight (D) leans on a shopping cart filled halfway up. A piece of paper and a pen in his left hand, and holding onto the arm of a man with purple hair that defies gravity with his right.]

Dynamight was spotted last night at a grocery store together with a mystery man that has been identified as Shinsou Hitoshi, a former classmate of Dynamight that did not go on to become a hero. According to witnesses, the two looked like they were on a date. Fans now wonder if the two have been dating all along, or if Dynamight has made use of the replies to the tweet he sent three weeks ago asking for flirting tips.

chargeriot

Okay, *@heronerdanalystnr1* I will be the first to admit defeat. Shinsou Hitoshi should've been on my list, most definitely, and for that i do apologize. I hope, if it is him, that they will be happy together.

Also, can i just say that the image description should say that Dynamight is smiling, because that's a smile. It should also say that dynamight is looking at Shinsou Hitoshi as he smiles. I don't know about you guys but he looks like he adores shinsou.

Shinsou, if you see this, you are one lucky man.

12,756 notes
source: dynamightnews #dynamight #i know this is really a chargebolt and red riot blog but dynamight really knows how to make news #i promise there will be more of the two later i just want everyone to know what i think #i find it really annoying that whoevers behind heronerdanalystnr1 knows more than me #but i am also not surprised

That's all it takes before Hitoshi's phone is constantly blowing up. Most of the messages and notifications are from friends or family or a few acquaintances that he kind of knows and that kind of know him but never really talk, but a few are from the secret users he has on every social media platform there is to stalk fans and heroes alike while being completely anonymous.

The only one who knows that those users exist and figured out the username, is Izuku. He's annoyingly smart like that, but then again, he's also managed to have a blog about heroes and their quirks and make it seem like he's just a fan when he's also (probably) less than six months from debuting as a pro hero.

It's the few notifications on his secret users that are the most fun. Some are post-notifications with funny comments or long text posts with a bunch of thoughts on Hitoshi's and Katsuki's possible relationship, but the ones that are the most fun are the photo studies. It's impossible to count how many people have made a post, a tweet, anything, and put long texts underneath the photo where they describe every detail and what they think it means. Others reblog those studies with their own thoughts.

It's doing amazing things for Hitoshi's self-confidence. Both in himself as someone people find attractive, but also for the fact that his hopes rise with every comment stating how much it looks like Katsuki adores him in the photo. That they all say it looks like love.

There are two reasons for why this is important. One of those reasons is that Hitoshi is trying to figure out a way to tell Katsuki that he likes him and wants to try being more than friends. The other reason is that Hitoshi's undercover mission that might last up to seven months is now officially starting on Tuesday—that means in five days—and Hitoshi would like to think that whatever feelings exist now, exist when he gets back.

All the replies, all the posts about thoughts, everything is just a way to distract himself from the fact that he'll disappear for whatever given time (which might be way harder to do now that attention is on him as well because of one picture with Katsuki) and he doesn't know how things will be when he comes back.

It feels like all the posts are confirmation that Katsuki likes him, which is why he wants to tell him right away. But Hitoshi is more than a little scared that telling now, when there's so little time until he leaves, it will ruin the start of something that could be good and make

it something neither of them want.

On the other hand, it feels cruel to both of them to wait until he comes back. To give Katsuki a start that might be just as bad if not worse because Hitoshi is coming back from something that is bound to be traumatic.

Hitoshi doesn't want that. He doesn't think he can handle that.

And he's trying to find the courage to ask Hanta what he thinks and also give him dates for specific things for his cats (like tick agent and the yearly check-up at the vet for both cats which happen to be two months apart but still when Hitoshi is gone, and probably other things that Hanta has at least somewhat of a routine built already).

However, Hanta doesn't come home for another twenty minutes and Hitoshi doesn't want to work a minute longer—the more he prepares for this mission, the more he doesn't want to do it. Unfortunately, he has no choice.

Hitoshi scrolls through pictures and text-posts and videos of people talking about him and Katsuki instead and hoping that they're all correct. At least the ones thinking Katsuki likes him. The ones saying Katsuki can do better can go fuck themselves, Hitoshi doesn't need their negativity.

Hitoshi needs everyone to think—

The front door opens and slams shut. Hitoshi gets up from his bed, gets out of his room, and finds Hanta in the entrance-hall. Only he's not alone.

Katsuki is with him.

"Hi." Hitoshi tries for a smile, but he's so taken aback by seeing Katsuki—he shouldn't be, the blond shows up unannounced all the time—that he can't seem to figure out how to react properly.

"Found him pacing outside," says Hanta and points to Katsuki. "I'm going to make dinner, do you guys want anything or do you just want privacy?"

"Dinner sounds good," replies Hitoshi at the same time as Katsuki says, "privacy."

Shit.

Hanta smirks. “Okay. I’ll let you know when it’s ready.” And then he leaves Hitoshi alone in the entrance-hall with Katsuki.

It shouldn’t be awkward. It’s never been awkward with Katsuki. And yet, ever since Hitoshi figured out his own fucking feelings, it feels awkward. Maybe there’s tension he doesn’t know about, or maybe he’s just *that* self-conscious, but he really wishes he could appear normal even if the inside of his body is exploding every single second they’re in the same vicinity.

“We gotta talk.” Katsuki doesn’t wait for Hitoshi to reply before he walks down the hallway and into Hitoshi’s room. Koneko slips out the door at the same time and beelines toward the kitchen; Hitoshi has learned that Hanta usually gives him something whenever he cooks and Koneko never turns down food unless it’s vegetables.

It takes a few seconds for Hitoshi to register that he has to follow Katsuki into his room. He shakes his head and walks after. But he also makes up his mind and the minute he closes the door behind him he says, “whatever you’re gonna say I don’t want to hear it.”

Katsuki’s half-open mouth shuts. His brows furrow, and his lips draw into a frown. A moment later he asks, “what?”

Hitoshi swallows. His throat feels parched. “I leave in five days. I bet you wanna talk about the picture and the fact that it’s everywhere and everyone’s talking about it, but I don’t want to talk about it.”

“Okay.” Katsuki shrugs. “Why?”

“Personal. Kind of.” Hitoshi may have made up his mind. The inside of his body feels like it’s on fire, but that’s normal, right? That’s not because he’s nervous and he’s sweating and everything also somehow pricks as if he’s got low blood sugar. “Unless it wasn’t about that?”

“It was.”

“Okay.”

“You’re leaving way sooner than you said.” Katsuki arches a brow.

“They’re good to go. I got my part covered. Usually, they’d take the whole two months it takes to prepare, but because a better opportunity arrived, they want to take it.” Hitoshi sighs and slides down along the door. His head thuds against it when he leans back. “Gotta dye my hair now, though.”

Katsuki smirks. “Gonna look fucking ugly, huh? What color?”

“Orange.”

Katsuki grins. “I want pics.”

Hitoshi rolls his eyes. “Sure. But I’m giving you pics of the hair color before the extra they’re adding to my face, okay?”

“They’re adding shit to your face?”

“Nose ring, eyebrow piercing, lip piercing. It’ll be fake, but yeah. Tattoos on the neck, too. Fake ones that last over a year.”

A cackle comes from Katsuki now. A laugh so loud and so horrible it’s impossible not to both be scared and find it funny. Hitoshi, somehow for some bizarre reason, finds it *attractive.* Of all things to think about a laugh, Hitoshi’s first thought is attractive.

It has bricks built in his stomach. Ones both scared of rejection in the future, and ones scared of what may happen during this mission, and, *if* Katsuki likes him, will he still when Hitoshi comes home.

Definitely not something he should think about.

Thankfully, Hanta yells at them to help with dinner and serves as a nice buffer for Hitoshi’s conflicted feelings.

“When do you leave tomorrow?” Katsuki looks at Hitoshi from where he sits on the couch. His eyes intense as they focus on him.

“During the night. I’m going to the agency first. Doing everything with hair and looks.” Hitoshi sighs. It’s only a few hours away, and Katsuki said he’d be spending the day with him because he’s leaving but it’s been excruciating. The silences, the dinner Katsuki cooked and made very romantic. Absolutely everything feels like it’s bound to explode, and Hitoshi is bound to implode. Just because he’s leaving, everything feels like it’s on fire.

“I’ll be here until then.” Katsuki says it so casually. As if staying here until two in the morning despite working tomorrow is no big deal. Like it’s expected of him. “I’ll say goodbye to you, and then I’ll steal

your bed."

Hitoshi smiles. "You'd do that anyway."

"Damn right I would." Katsuki grins. "Your bed is fucking nice."

"It's five hours away, wanna watch a movie?"

"You should sleep." Katsuki gets up from where he sits and drags Hitoshi out of his chair. "C'mon. Put an alarm on or some shit."

"Already did that. Time flies, you know?"

Katsuki chuckles. He doesn't say anything as he drags Hitoshi to his bedroom, doesn't say anything as he rips off the covers, shoves Hitoshi onto the bed and lies down next to him. For whatever reason, Katsuki puts the cover over them, intertwines his fingers with Hitoshi's, and lays down with his head resting on Hitoshi's shoulder.

There's absolutely no way Hitoshi is going to be able to sleep like this. He wouldn't be anyways—he never is before a mission—but with Katsuki lying next to him purposefully, his heart beats too fast and sweat starts to form underneath his armpits at such speed he's a little concerned and there's no way he'll fall asleep now.

Somehow, Hitoshi does fall asleep because his alarm goes off in the middle of an amazing dream about having confessed to Katsuki and it being mutual. The alarm cut off right before dream-Hitoshi was about to kiss dream-Katsuki. Hitoshi will forever stay mad about it.

"Fucking turn if off," whisper-yells Katsuki. His voice is groggy, but when Hitoshi turns to look, Katsuki looks wide awake. He looks so good, Hitoshi's head drowns out the alarm clock and Katsuki has to reach over to turn it off himself.

By doing so, they're close. Much closer than they've been in a long time. So close, that there's nothing left to do than just close the space and they'd be kissing.

And that's exactly what Hitoshi decides to do. He doesn't know why or what prompts it, but he cups Katsuki's face, leans in and presses their lips together. He does not care if Katsuki doesn't kiss back, or if that was the worst thing he could do before he leaves, he just does it.

It's somehow everything he wanted it to be and the complete opposite at the same time. It starts out awkward and messy and a little

uncomfortably angled, but once Katsuki starts to kiss back, that all fades away. Replaces the awkward with fire burning through Hitoshi's body, replaces the messy with perfect synchrony that Hitoshi takes as a sign they're meant to be, replaces the uncomfortable angle with Hitoshi on his back and Katsuki pressing him firmly into the mattress to get the best access.

It's the best kiss Hitoshi has ever had, and he curses the alarm on his phone for deciding to go off at exactly that moment, but at the same time he's glad he set two or he'd be late.

Hitoshi pulls away.

Katsuki's lips are swollen. His eyes are unreadable. He pulls back and lets Hitoshi get up from the bed.

Neither of them say anything. Hitoshi's heart beats loudly in his ears. He can hear his own breathing, can feel the rhythm of his heart in every bone in his body. One part of him screams 'fucking fantastic, he feels the same' and the other, louder part, screams 'and now you're leaving'.

And he is leaving. With his phone in his pocket, and a jacket slung over his arm that he doesn't need and will only be left to gather dust at the agency, he heads for the door. He still hasn't said anything to Katsuki, and he has the chance. Has had plenty of chances, especially now that the blonde follows him to the door.

Hitoshi puts on his shoes, makes sure he has his keys in his pocket, and turns around to face Katsuki before he walks out the door.

There's barely any sound, but he steps closer, puts his hand on Katsuki's cheek and says, "bye." And then he presses a chaste kiss to Katsuki's lips before he turns and walks out the door. He faintly hears Katsuki's hoarse bye after him.

All he thinks about for the next six months is the phantom touch of Katsuki's lips against his.

[photo: *Dynamight sits in an armchair with a half-full glass in his hands. He wears black plaid pants and a white shirt with the top two buttons*

open. To the right of Dynamight, sits Chargebolt, Deku, Pinky and Uravity, all in nice clothing and glasses in their hands. On the coffee table in front of them is a cake with Happy Birthday *written on it.]*

deku
25,947 likes

Happy Birthday! Celebrating two birthdays today, only one guest couldn't come and of course it's one of the celebrants. Either way, happy birthday. In my head you're both seeing this.

View all 125 comments

Uravity @uravity • 5h
i just want everyone to kno that taking care of cats that arent urs and dont like u is hard and i curse @*officialCellophane* had to ask me of all people. I love u koneko but y do you hate me?????
234 retweets | 3 quote retweets | 1,976 likes
View all 23 replies

[photo: *Dynamight and Chargebolt linked by the arm. Dynamight is dressed as a werewolf, with ears that match the color of his hair and a tail that peeks out from behind his legs. Chargebolt is dressed as a devil, with a red shirt and black pants, and horns in his hair. In the hand not linked with Dynamight's, Chargebolt holds a pitchfork with a pumpkin stuck onto the three tines.]*

chargebolt
12,432 likes

LOOK AT US!! WE LOOK SO GOOD! Someone's a little grouchy that the person they wanted to do a couple's costume with couldn't attend the party, but he still showed up and he's in costume. Look how good he looks.

View all 95 comments

[photo: *A notepad with the date 'December 24th 2XXX' and the word 'Date?' written on it.]*

dynamightofficial
296,384 likes

View all 2,346 comments

[photo: *Three men stand behind a girl with gray hair, red eyes and a horn on the right side of her head taking a selfie with a huge grin on her face. They stand before a crowded shrine with the sun shining brightly in the corner.]*

erispalace
124 likes

Wish you were here!

View all 12 comments

MAJOR CHILD TRAFFICKING RING STOPPED

> OVER A FIFTY PEOPLE WERE ARRESTED TODAY DURING A SEVEN MONTH LONG OPERATION TO STOP A CHILD TRAFFICKING RING

Tokyo, 18th of January 2XXX

By Tsutomu Kishi | THL

During the early hours of the day, the end of a seven month long operation took place. The underground hero Mindfvck has been credited with the biggest role played as Silence agency arrested fifty-three people that have

been part of one of the biggest child trafficking rings in the country.

The trafficking ring has been operating for over fifteen years with no legal repercussions until today where all fifty-three people involved were arrested during what was supposed to be a sale. The arrest went over surprisingly well according to a witness and there was barely any resistance. Only three people are reported to have been harmed.

The twenty-two children have been admitted to hospitals for check-ups, and thankfully, none has so far been reported to have any serious injuries.

[CLICK TO READ MORE]

Hitoshi thinks (wrongly) that getting home after six and a half months away should be relaxing and easy and that he can just lie down in his bed and sleep for the next two years. He has two months off now (with pay) to process everything he's been through and see a therapist and blah, blah, blah, before he gets back to work, so technically, he can sleep for two months.

Gods know he needs it.

However, the minute he steps foot into his apartment and the door is closed behind him, he's attacked. By not one, not two, but three people that crash into him so fast and so hard that they all fall to the floor and lie there in a heap.

Mina and Ochako giggle as they get up, whilst Denki has latched onto Hitoshi and refuses to let go. How they even knew to be here when Hitoshi didn't tell anyone he was coming home today, he does not know.

He knows that he need the hug Denki's giving him just as much as Denki, though, so he quickly finds the strength he has to hug back.

"I've missed you so much!" says Denki. "It's horrible without you. I have so much to tell you!"

Hitoshi smiles. "Missed you, too."

Denki pulls away and grins. "I'm so sorry we ran you down, but I am also not sorry because you're home! He's home!" The last part Denki

yells as loudly as he can and has Mina and Ochako get down on the floor next to them and choke Hitoshi as they both try to give him a hug.

It's both awful and the best thing that's happened to Hitoshi in months at the same time.

"We missed you so much!" yells Mina.

"You were gone so fucking long. Never do that again." Ochako lightly hits him on the back as she speaks.

"Missed you, too." He definitely wants to go to bed, but he guesses it doesn't hurt to spend a little time with his friends before he does.

They get up from the floor and the three of them give Hitoshi the chance to take off his shoes and hang his unused jacket on a hook before he's ushered into the living room. To Hitsohi's surprise, they've made a welcome home banner and there's a cake on the coffee table.

There's also a bunch of people in Hitoshi's living room. Hanta (of course), Eijirou, Kyouka, Momo, Izuku, Todoroki, Iida, Tsuyu, Aoyama, Tokage, Shiozaki are all there. Quite unexpectedly and a little annoying, too. He'd welcome it if he'd gotten a day or two to just relax first, and now he has to talk to people instead.

At least, there's one person Hitoshi did want to see when he got home. He sits alone in Hitoshi's chair with a glass in his hands, Koneko in his lap, and his gaze stuck to the floor.

Katsuki makes Hitoshi's insides churn and his whole body ignite just like he did before Hitoshi left. It's absolutely not okay, and neither is the fact that whilst everyone else comes forward to give him a hug and say 'welcome back' and congratulate him because they read whatever article about the bust, Katsuki just sits there and doesn't notice.

Despite the fact that Hitoshi kind of wants to cry when Katsuki doesn't acknowledge him, and the fact that his head aches and everything is wrong and he wishes the people in his living room would disappear, Hitoshi decides to be social for about an hour. After that, Mina and Ochako somehow manage to make everyone understand that he's tired and wants to sleep in his own bed for the first time in so long even if it's still early in the evening.

What Hitoshi would do if he didn't have those two as friends, he

doesn't know. He's not so sure he ever wants to find out either. They're the last to say goodbye, and tell him they'll be back in a few days and talk privately, catch up in a better way than today. Hitoshi knows any protest is futile so he agrees, hugs them and lets out a deep sigh of relief once the door closes behind them.

Hanta lies across the couch with the remote in hand. "Wanna watch a movie or wanna sleep?" he asks. That's also the great thing about Hanta as a roommate. He makes it seem like Hitoshi just came home after a regular shift, not like he's been gone for months.

"Sleep, but thanks." Hitoshi smiles and walks away. He notes to himself that Katsuki still sits in the armchair with Koneko in his lap, but after an hour without even a 'hello', he's content to just sleep and talk tomorrow.

He doesn't get farther than taking off his clothes and standing there in just his boxers before the door opens and Katsuki comes in. Koneko walks in, too, and lies down on the bed.

Katsuki doesn't waste a second before he's standing right in front of Hitoshi, before he tiptoes and curls a fist into Hitoshi's (thankfully) purple hair, before he pulls Hitoshi close and presses their lips together in what comes to be the worst kiss they ever have.

Katsuki pulls away, but keeps his hand on the nape of Hitoshi's neck. "You were gone way too fucking long," he whispers. There's tears at the corners of his eyes, the crimson shining as Hitoshi looks into them. "You left me."

"I missed you so fucking much." Hitoshi kisses him. "So much. I'm sorry." He moves, walks so that Katsuki is bound to hit the mattress and when he does he pushes at Katsuki's chest so that he falls down.

Koneko moves, but not without glaring at Hitoshi.

"Not fucking good enough."

Hitoshi smiles. "You're awful," he says. Then he crashes their lips together and lives off of the high of knowing Katsuki is his for the rest of his life. It has him forget every single piece of the last six and a half months, the very thing he wants to forget.

It's like he's back in bed that moment before his alarm rings, completely succumbing to the knowledge that he's kissing Katsuki and that there's nowhere else he'd rather be.

They break apart quicker than Hitoshi would like. But even though Katsuki is a great relief to the everyday life he's had for the past months, he's still exhausted. He still needs to sleep.

So he does, with Katsuki in bed right next to him. With Katsuki there to tell him good morning when he wakes up, and kiss him despite the fact that he hasn't brushed his teeth. With neither of them caring, because six months is a long fucking time to wait even if you know you have forever after.

End Notes

i hope you like it as much as i do.

i have a bunch more bakushin stories on my page and if you wanna talk to me, say hello, ask about anything, you can find me on both tumblr and twitter

Please drop by the Archive and comment to let the creator know if you enjoyed their work!